

# THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MISS FRITZI SCHEFF as "Babette."



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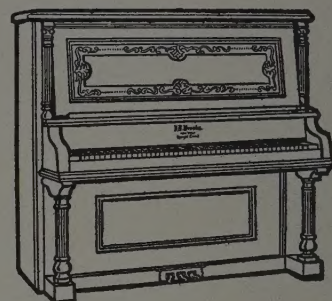
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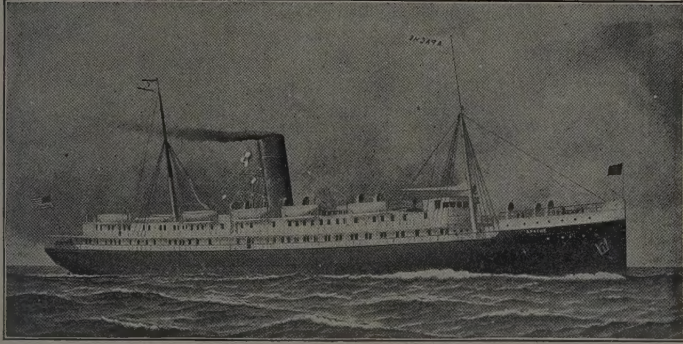
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# THE THEATRE

VOL. IV., NO. 37

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1904

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor

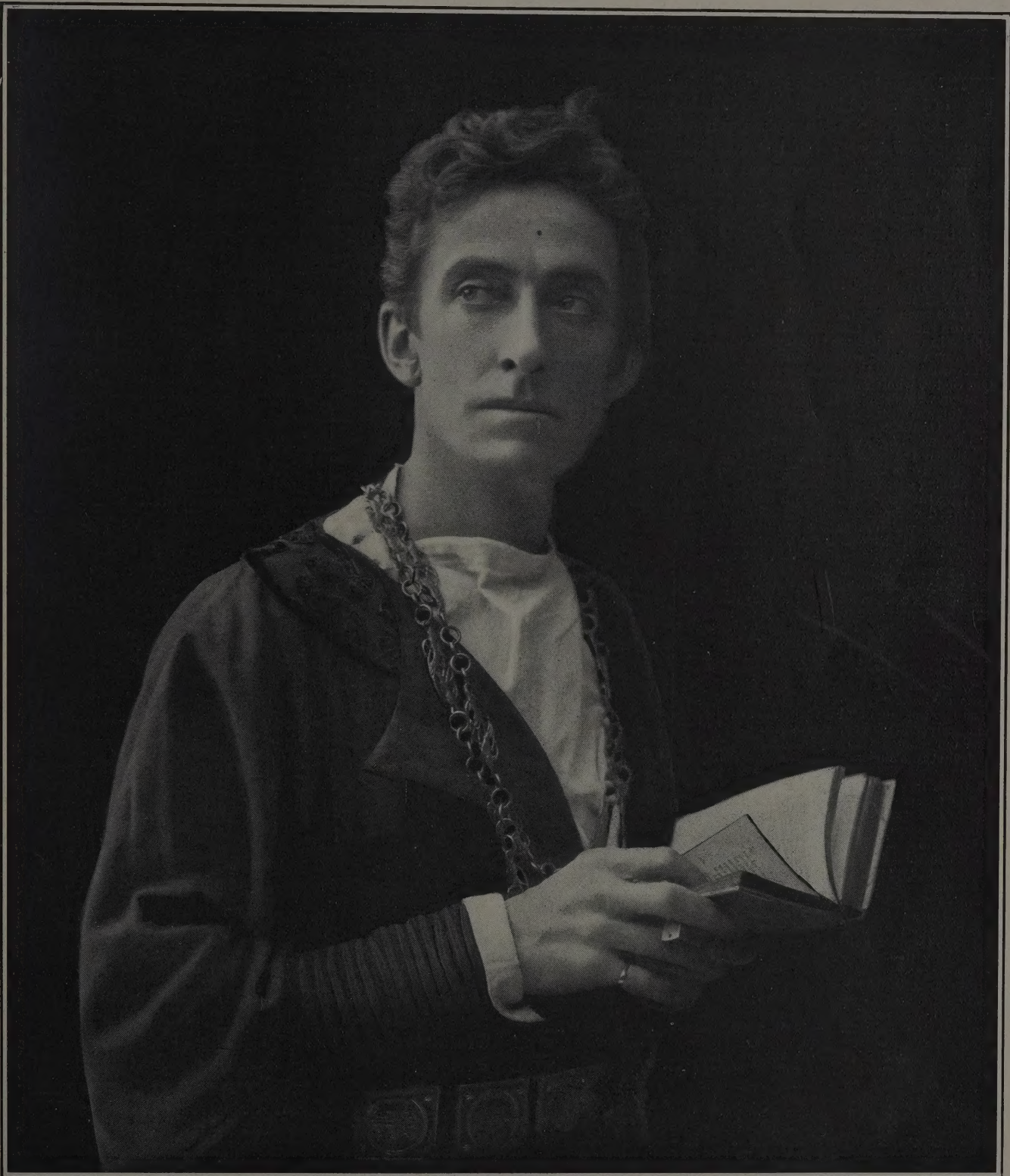


Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

## JOHN FORBES ROBERTSON AS HAMLET

There is considerable public curiosity to see this distinguished English actor as the moody Dane at the Knickerbocker Theatre on March 7 next. Those who have seen his performance of that most complex of Shakespeare's characters declare that he incarnates Hamlet as no other living English-speaking actor has done, and that his interpretation ranks with the great interpretations of the past.



# PLAYS and PLAYERS

THE drama by Martha Morton Conheim, "The Triumph of Love," which was awarded the prize in our recent play competition was produced at the Criterion Theatre, on February 8th last, and full particulars of the performance are given on another page. In view of the criticism that the prize play aroused in some quarters, F. Marion Crawford, one of the judges, addressed the following letter to the *Morning Telegraph* of this city:

In the matter of the prize play, the "Triumph of Love," I do not feel that I am in any way called upon to defend the choice made by Mr. William Seymour and myself. The task we accepted was not an easy one. Between two and three hundred plays were sent in for the THEATRE's competition, from which we were expected to select the one which, on the whole, seemed most suitable for production, precisely in the state in which it came into our hands. It is obvious that after our choice was made, it would have been unfair for us to make any suggestion whatsoever to the author of the successful play.

Out of the whole number of plays sent in, seventeen were selected for me to read; and I read them with the utmost care and impartiality. Of these seventeen, Mr. Seymour and I set aside five, which we considered to be distinctly the best; of these five, which we then read over the second time, we selected two as being distinctly better than the other three; we then read those two a third time, and agreed without the slightest discussion that the one which most nearly fulfilled the required conditions was the "The Triumph of Love." I say this to show that the selection was not made hastily.

No one will venture to say that Mr. Seymour is not a competent judge of plays from a theatrical point of view. It was more especially my duty, I understand, to judge of the literary merits of the work chosen. With regard to this, I have nothing to say as to my own competency.

I would draw attention to the fact that there was never any difference of opinion between Mr. Seymour and myself. Our duties, voluntarily undertaken, undoubtedly ended when our choice was made. Those who doubt that this choice was wise may possibly obtain the privilege of reading between two and three hundred plays for themselves, in order to form an opinion; but no one has the right to doubt that it was conscientious and impartial.

I have no hesitation in saying for myself, and I believe that I am safe in saying for Mr. Seymour, that if we had to choose again, we should maintain that our final selection was the only one possible under the conditions.

With regard to the performance at the Criterion Theatre, it would be most unbecoming in me to make any criticism of the play, and I think that the performance itself was extremely creditable. No one unacquainted with the practical side of theatrical matters can understand how very hard it is to do justice even to the best play in the world, when a single performance of it is to be given; when the actors taking part in it are most of them playing engagements at the other theatres; when unforeseen accidents make it necessary for new interpreters to be found for some of the minor parts, at two or three days' notice, because those who had attended rehearsals so far were suddenly called away from town with their respective companies; when scenery, properties, and the like, have to be got together more or less hastily; and when a great many of the people concerned, but not visible to the public, look upon the whole affair either as a nuisance or as a sort of outing, or theatrical picnic. It is an extremely severe test of any dramatic performance; and I have no hesitation in saying that, on the present occasion, the actors and all concerned deserve high praise for the general smoothness of the production.

Some of the critics have expressed, more or less wittily and ironically, a certain amount of pity for me, as having been obliged to go through so much material before making a choice. In expressing my

thanks to those who were really sincere in taking this view, I should like to say that I am not at all to be pitied. It was not an easy task, as I have said, but it was emphatically an interesting one, an honorable one—a task which any man of letters should be glad to undertake, both for itself and for what he must learn in fulfilling it conscientiously.

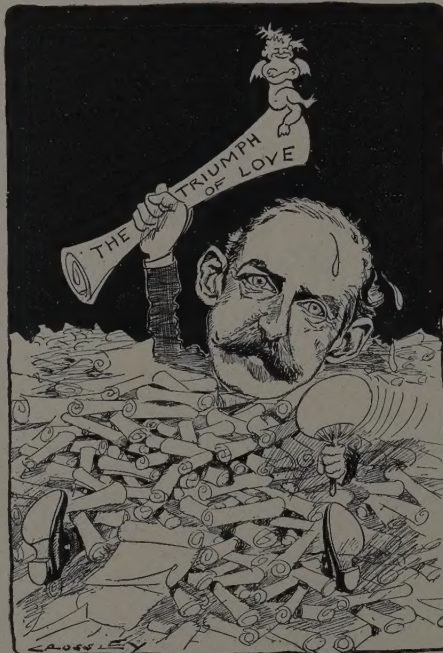
F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Misdirected energy is not a crime, nor is inadequate art necessarily a heinous offence. If the spirit is earnest and sincere, the result, if not all that might be wished, should still call for encouragement. It is not in the power of every star to satisfy all in Shakespeare; but one who invests enthusiasm and capital in an honest desire to do justice to poetic ideals, ought, at least, to be treated with tolerant courteousness. All of which is preliminary to the fact that Miss Viola Allen lately seen as Viola in "Twelfth Night"

at the Knickerbocker Theatre, has failed to satisfy some of our erudite Shakesperian critics. That perennial howl has again gone up that cuts have been made and transpositions adopted. It is time it downed. If the integrity of the verse is retained, not added to or altered, who shall declare that dramatic cogency is not gained by the doing away of frequent shift of scene? There are no liberties taken in the text of Miss Allen's version that are not justified by sound dramatic sense. Few who know well this exquisite comedy will, however, other than agree that in the performance there is an essential quality of atmosphere lacking. But why not be grateful for the nourishing crumbs a conscientious daughter of Melpomene has been good enough to cast upon our all too bare dramatic table?

The production is a beautiful one, not too ornate and invested with a coloring artistically attuned to the poetry of the action. The garden of Olivia's palace is a magnificent set, whose value would be much enhanced by better lighting. Rich and hand-

some are the costumes, and graceful and tuneful the musical settings of the songs and the incidental accompaniment. At all time is the eye pleased, and on no occasion is the mental ideal rudely jolted. And yet the representation is wanting in a something that carries conviction. One explanation lies in the fact that the tempo is altogether too slow. Many of the principal performers retard in an exasperating fashion, killing the effectiveness of many a scene. The comedy touches lose their spontaneity, and the action halts. It is admitted that Miss Allen makes a very pretty picture as Viola. Her impersonation is fraught with picturesque move-



Courtesy Morning Telegraph

F. MARION CRAWFORD

As judge in the THEATRE MAGAZINE's recent play competition, overwhelmed by the vast number of arriving manuscripts.



ment and much technical facility. But the soul of one of Shakespeares's most idyllic characters eludes her. The yearning romantic poesy of the rôle, the witchery of its dainty humor and its pathetic psychology are expressed with a certain hardness of touch that offsets the intelligence of the study. It is a sound characterization but uninspired. John Blair's Malvolio is expert in its detail, but lacking in that egotistical dignity that should bring the pathetic note into positive prominence. The Sir Toby of Clarence Handy-side is heavy without unction, while anything more absolutely modern in its spirit and execution than Miss Grace Elliston's Olivia it would be hard to imagine. John Craig reads Orsino with romantic fervor, and Percival F. Stevens, who staged the revival, is unceasingly acrobatic as Fabian.

If the late Frank Norris had lived, he would probably have become one of the greatest writers of fiction this country has yet produced. Before his untimely taking off he created at least two splendid monuments to his memory. The finest of these is "The Octopus"; the other is "The Pit." Both books, with a gift and power of descriptive writing equal to Zola at his best, are racially of the soil, presenting American problems, exposing national weaknesses and vices, and picturing vividly American types and manners. "The Octopus," incomparably the superior in its marvellous word pictures, its subtle character drawing and general human interest, deals with the vast wheat fields of the Far West, the farmer who grows the grain and his struggles against the powerful railroads controlled by grasping, conscienceless capitalists. "The Pit" presents another and similar phase of American life—the grain speculator in the great commercial centres, wrecking domestic happiness in the mad race for wealth and power, in an insane attempt to monopolize the gifts of Nature. Here, surely, are fruitful themes for dramatic treatment, splendid material for a great American

play. Whether "The Octopus" will ever be dramatized is uncertain, but W. A. Brady is now presenting a stage version of "The Pit" with some measure of popular success. This is said in justice to the management, for it is incontestable that the piece is attracting and apparently giving satisfaction to large audiences. How many of these auditors come solely for the elaborate pit scene in the fourth act is another question. For, to be truthful, there is nothing in the play except this one scene which is well done and sufficiently novel and exciting to be regarded as sensational. With its frenzied mob of brokers howling the sinister chorus of Jadwin's ruin, this one tableau is certainly thrilling enough. Of course, it is not drama, only noise. But the average theatre-goer does not stop to analyze. He recognizes true drama and feels its power when it is given to him, and when he gets only noise, he accepts that as a substitute, perhaps suspecting something is still missing. And when he reflects, as in this case, that he has had to endure three talky, dreary, nothing-doing acts before the big situation is reached, he is more than ever convinced that it is only make-believe drama. If Frank Norris were to see this work of his as presented on the stage, assuredly his ghost would walk. He certainly never created those flashily dressed, loud talking, ill-bred persons who quarrel and gabble nonsense throughout the first three dreary acts of this play. That Chicago was willing to accept such as types of her fashionable society is remarkable. Of the philosophy of the novel, of its wonderful word pictures, remarkable character drawing, nothing whatever remains. The story is awkwardly told, the dialogue is common-place, and the action undramatic and slow.

Wilton Lackaye is seen as the Chicago speculator who neglects his wife to corner wheat, and only realizes what happiness he has jeopardized when his business rivals beat him at his own game, and he is a ruined man. This char-



Photo, Byron

Forrest Robinson

Adelaide Prince Cyril Scott

SCENE IN THE FIRST ACT OF "GLITTERING GLORIA" AT DALY'S





Hall, N. Y.

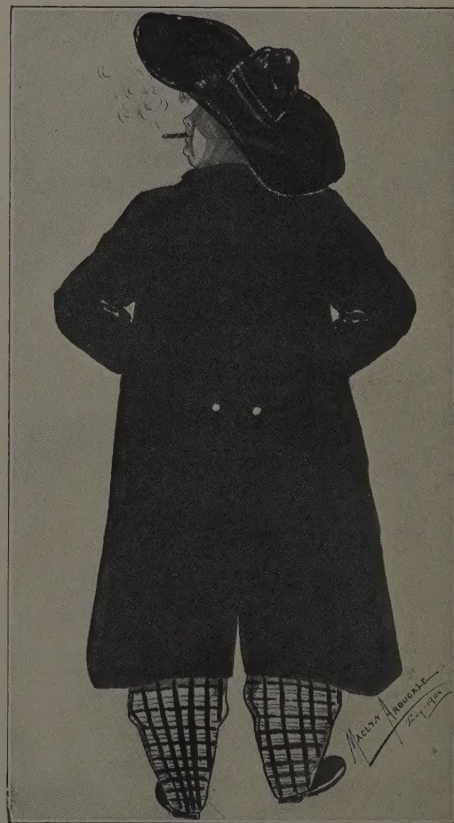
Dave Braham, Jr., and Miss Mary Vokes in "Checkers," a dramatization of Henry M. Blossom, Jr.'s story, which has proved one of the popular successes of the season.

Robinson did all he could as a noisy pistol-flourishing Texan. Miss Adele Ritchie was not in very good voice, and gave a colorless performance of the title rôle. Adelaide Prince, an admirable actress, was miscast as the wife; so also was Phyllis Rankin as the fiancée. The Hengler Sisters do some graceful dancing apropos of nothing, and there are pretty girls in the chorus.

There is one act in "The Younger Mrs. Parling" and a bit of acting in that act, apart from the excellent art of Annie Russell, which make the whole play worth the while. Haddon Chambers, in adapting or paraphrasing Henri Bernstein's "Le Détour," has missed it in his depiction of the surroundings of Jacqueline Carstairs, afterwards Mrs. James Parling. The environments of the girl are typically continental in the original. Virtue thriving in contact with vice is not impossible, and certainly not very uncommon in some countries; but in London, to which city the scene of the action is transferred, it is so uncommon that the subject and the character would require a different treatment from that given to it by Mr. Chambers or, perhaps, by M. Bernstein. The story, in brief, is that James Parling marries an honest girl whose mother is not what she ought to be. Jacqueline is received into the Parling family, where she is so constantly reminded of the elevation conferred on her, and so sickened by the cant and persecution of the members of the household and of the visitors that she determines to throw up virtue, practiced as a game, and to follow the lead of her mother by running away with a lover. To be consistent, the character would have to be played in a key different from what it is. The Younger Mrs. Parling is justified in abandoning her husband and his family, but not

acter Mr. Lackaye portrayed with his customary authority and artistic thoroughness. He presents Curtis Jadwin in the hour of triumph as a virile, resourceful, dominating figure, and again as a crazed, pathetic object of overwhelming misery and despair, when finally he is crushed by his own ambition.

As musical comedies go now-a-days, "Glittering Gloria," the piece by Hugh Morton and Bernard Holt, imported from London and now on view at Daly's, is fairly good entertainment. There is not much glitter about it, but everything is relative, in the show business as elsewhere, and when we say the piece is entertaining it means that similar exhibitions which have gone before were deadly dull. The most commendable feature of this piece is that it actually has a plot with continuous complications which are sufficiently interesting to hold one down in one's seat. The situations, it is true, creak with age, but they are amusing. Two young men—one married, the other engaged—are infatuated with a chorus girl known as "Glittering Gloria." They fall over each other in paying her attentions, and the purchase of a diamond necklace by the husband results in all sorts of trouble, for the wife is concealed in the shop at the time the purchase is made. The efforts of the husband to explain away and unload the necklace on some other admirer of the fair Gloria, are productive of a good deal of fun, especially in the second act where, in Gloria's flat, both admirers have to hide in trunks to escape the indignant wife and fiancée. A bull dog, who runs amuck at the sight of a red necktie, is the principal actor in this scene, and is largely responsible for the tattered appearance of the young men when they are finally rescued from the trunks. The piece is well acted. First honors must go to Ferdinand Gottschalk, who was exceedingly droll as a rural solicitor in love with Gloria. Percy F. Ames was capital as the dude, and Eugene O'Rourke gave a most amusing character sketch of a British baggage master, his telephone song, "Cordelia," making the hit of the evening. Cyril Scott was satisfactory as the husband and Forrest



MACLYN ARBUCKLE

From a drawing made by himself for the THEATRE MAGAZINE



in abandoning herself. It is not a question of morals, but of psychological development. The character itself has not a proper beginning or a proper end. In the second act, however, both in true sentiment and just indignation, Miss Russell is herself, forceful in character, thoroughly convincing and satisfactory. To E. A. Eberle belongs the credit of an uncommon bit of character acting. As Samuel Parling, the father, he is the most polite, restrained, conscientious, preachy old bore that ever dominated a family. As a stage figure Samuel Parling is new. The season has had its compensations in the successes of actors in fine characterizations, and Mr. Eberle's performance must be accounted as one of the best. John Mason, as James Parling, had to play well within the lines of an ungrateful part, and his conscientious art was manifest in his self-restraint, naturalness and close adherence to an awkward, uncompromising, unattractive, unsentimental prototype. Mrs. Gilbert, as the submissive wife of the elder Parling, showed that her skill has not deserted her. The play is more interesting by reason of its satire than by the logic of its plot. Miss Olive Murray furnished an excellent bit of character acting in the part of Susan Parling, the daughter, a sly creature, the product of too much parental watchfulness and preaching. She marries a man without loving him in order to be free to receive the attentions of a married man whom she does love. The contrast between the natural purity of Jacqueline and the secretly cultivated iniquity of Susan provides a number of the most telling episodes in the play.

In its new habitat at the Garden Theatre, "The Secret of Polichinelle" promises to renew the strong hold it had on the public favor when summarily removed from the Madison Square. Pierre Wolff's graceful three-act comedy belongs to that school of which Labiche's "Les Petits Oiseaux" is the most representative type. A mild and normal exhibition it is of paternal and maternal devotion, augmented and strengthened by the introduction of the grandchild. As a study of character in which the personages are depicted with splendid detail and rounded out into a perfect whole, the comedy in its translation by Miss Mildred Aldrich compares but poorly with what Sydney Grundy did for the Labiche piece under the title of "A Pair of Spectacles." Whether it is the fault of the players or the effect of the translation, the social status of the Jouvenels is by no means fixed. It is difficult to imagine any fearful results from the so-called *mésalliance* of young Jouvenel and the pretty flower-maker. It is unnecessary to add that the French author did not resort to an English wedding to overcome that paragraph in the French code which makes a marriage without the consent of the parents void if incurred before the son reaches the age of twenty-five. That is, of course, only a Puritanical invention. It is a small point, but it is characteristic of the entire production. The wooing of the charming divorcée, Mme. Santenay, by that inevitable friend of the family and man of the world, M. Trevoux, is at best but moderately exhilarating. Who cares a rap for the feeble chattering of the loquacious Mme. Langeac or the

ineptitudes of her chaste daughter? Why did they always select their friends' home for their amatory and colloquial debates? Why does the translator make the daughter address her mother in French, while all the other characters are speaking English? Wm. H. Thompson, made up as Dumas fils, plays the father whose would-be sternness ignominiously pales beneath the warmth of his genial heart. It is a cheerful performance, especially the scenes with the grandchild, wherein he shuns all the amiable meannesses of most grandfathers, but the fussiness is overdone at times. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh gives a sweetly touching performance of the equally doting grandmother, and Grace Kimball imparts social distinction and sartorial splendor to the rôle of Mme. Santenay. W. J. Ferguson is his usual self as Trevoux, and scores his every point. The child is humanly, but rather noisily, played by Master Barriscale. Florence Conron is nothing if not discreet as the young wife, and Frank Patton is sympathetic as the erring son. The stage settings of the first and third acts are unusually crude and cheap.



Hall

ANNIE RUSSELL

JOHN MASON

"The Younger Mrs. Parling" at the Garrick





Walery, Paris

ROSARIO GUERRERO

This young Spanish pantomimist dancer recently seen in "The Red Feather" will be starred here shortly in an elaborate production of "Carmen," a novel feature of which will be a realistic Spanish bull fight with live bulls and horses.

in extraordinary fashion with modern farce comedy, a strange jumble of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "What Happened to Jones." The only genuinely amusing thing about the whole affair is that the audiences seem to enjoy it hugely. They take the grotesque situations and dialogue all seriously, and, altogether missing the satire, declare it the "best thing Jim Hackett has yet done." The truth is, it is the worst stuff this dashing, picturesque young actor has ever appeared in, and the sooner he comes out of the woods and returns to the fold the better for his own interests. By the bye, what has become of the ambitious "Alexander the Great" production announced by Mr. Hackett last Summer?

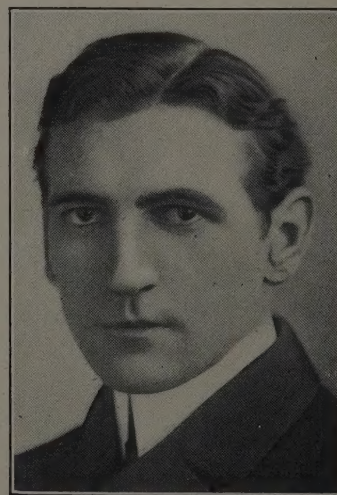
Carrying coals to Newcastle is unprofitable business at all times, and Miss France Hamilton, an ambitious young actress with apparently more money than judgment, no doubt regrets by now that she undertook to present Ibsen's "Doll's House" at a matinée at the Manhattan Theatre, the home of Mrs. Fiske, the best Nora the American stage has seen. Miss Hamilton's failure was complete. Her acting as the child-wife was artificial, unreal and uninteresting, particularly in the lighter scenes, and while she was more successful in the more serious scenes, she never once seemed to grasp the possibilities of the part. John Kellard, an excellent and well-trained actor, made a personal hit as the black-mailer Krogstad, but otherwise the cast calls for no comment.

It is always a pitiful spectacle to see a player who has already attained a certain position in his profession wasting his time, his training, and experience on a piece which obviously was intended only to catch the nimble dollar. A case in point is James K. Hackett, who is now appearing in a theatrical hodge-podge by George H. Broadhurst, called the "The Crown Prince." The piece, which did not come nearer to New York than the West End Theatre, is described as a satirical romantic comedy and anything cheaper, more idiotic or childish, it would be difficult to imagine. It is romantic melodrama mixed up

We may be always sure of the imaginative quality, of refinement in many forms, and of touching sentiment in anything to which is attached the name of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. In her new play, "That Man and I," these familiar qualities are evident. If her touch were not so delicate and her treatment so refined, it might well be said that the play is too primitive. A man who is devoted to his sister finds that her innocent love has been betrayed. After her death his constant thought is of the unknown man. We are made to feel that he would take revenge upon him should he ever meet him. The child grows to womanhood, and he discovers her seducer in a friend whom he had always trusted and loved. He would have slain him at the moment of the discovery, but he realizes that he would destroy the happiness of the girl, now so dear to him, about to find her own happiness in marriage with a young man with whom he can trust her. This is the outline of the story itself, but the action of the play requires episode and some bits of comedy which relieve the sombreness indicated in the simple plot. Robert Hilliard acted the part of Dick Latimer with a restraint and precision of art that advances him in public esteem. On the whole, the little play abounds in touches of true sentiment, and all who visited the Savoy Theatre were repaid; yet the slightness of the material and a certain crudity in the treatment will prevent the play from gaining a wide popularity.

The play in use at present by Miss Virginia Harned, "The Light that Lies in Woman's Eyes," was furnished by that actress's husband, E. H. Sothorn. It is, further, distinctly a family affair, for the author does not leave the theatrical fold for his inspiration, going to Shakespeare for no inconsiderable part of his material, and employing as his people of utility characters in "As You Like It." It is no reproach to Mr. Sothorn's skill that he has sought to entertain by these means. He is not at fault in his theatrical contrivance. He gets his momentary effects securely and promptly. Miss Harned has her opportunity as Rosalind, and justifies Mr. Sothorn's confidence in her grace, her art and her comeliness. That the play serves as an entertainment is the highest praise that could be given to it. Some of the features of the plot are improbable and almost absurd, but they serve the purpose and do not deprive the action of a sufficient sustaining interest.

Owing to the early date at which this magazine goes to press, comment on the performances of "Twelfth Night" by Mr. Greet's players, of "Much Ado About Nothing" by the Century stock company, and of "The Yankee Consul," is deferred.



GUY BATES POST

Now appearing in the part of Steve in "The Virginian." Mr. Post has been seen in a number of prominent roles and has shown versatility and power in each. His most recent hit was as the American officer in "Major Andre." His work is marked by dramatic force, intelligence and artistic finish. He may be looked upon as one of the most promising among the younger generation of American actors.





From Le Theatre, Paris

SARAH BERNHARDT

Act IV. The examination of the Sorceress by the Officers of the Inquisition.

## Sardou's New Drama "The Sorceress"

THE most important theatrical event in Paris recently has been the production by Sarah Bernhardt, at her own theatre, of Victorien Sardou's latest play, "The Sorceress." This drama, completed when the veteran playwright had already reached the ripe age of seventy-three, the French critics are unanimous in ranking immediately after his masterpieces, "Patrie" and "La Haine," and in the same category as those other great Sardou plays, "La Tosca," "Théodora," "Gismonda" and "Thermidor."

The drama deals with the persecution of so-called witches under the Spanish Inquisition in the sixteenth century when, according to Voltaire, a hundred thousand innocent persons were burned alive at the stake in Europe on the charge of dealing in the black art.

The action of the play takes place at Toledo in 1505, at the time of the persecution of the Moors in the reign of Ferdinand the Catholic. A Moor condemned for sorcery has been hanged. The following day the corpse has disappeared. Who has dared thus to defy the law? An investigation is opened, and the peasants denounce as a witch a beautiful Moorish woman named Zoraya (Sarah Bernhardt). Don Enrique, captain of the guard, interrogates the woman. She holds in her hands plants and herbs, and relates that she is the daughter of the physician of the last Moorish king, and that her father taught her the healing properties of certain herbs. She uses this knowledge to relieve the sufferings of the poor. Is this witchcraft? In Don Enrique's breast anger against the sorceress soon gives place to admiration and love for the woman.

The scene changes to Zoraya's house. She is impatiently awaiting the coming of her lover. Don Enrique arrives. He seems nervous and uneasy. Finally, he says he is being spied upon and reminds Zoraya of the edict which prohibits union between a Spaniard and a Moorish woman on the penalty of the stake. He departs and wedding bells are heard outside. "What is that?" asks Zoraya. A child re-

plies that the bells celebrate the marriage of the Governor's daughter to Capt. Don Enrique.

Thus betrayed, Zoraya thinks only of revenge. On the night of the wedding and while the guests are toasting the young couple, she slips into the nuptial chamber. Don Enrique enters to join his bride and Zoraya suddenly confronts him, telling him that she has put his wife into a hypnotic sleep. Then, gradually, she retakes possession of Don Enrique and the two lovers flee together.

They are arrested, and now comes the great scene in the play, the thrilling scene of the trial for witchcraft before the Holy Inquisition. Zoraya is dragged before the awful tribunal, accused of the crime of witchcraft. Then Don Enrique is brought in. Zoraya has now to choose between her life and her love. If she confesses to being a witch, he will go free, as he can plead to being bewitched. If not, he must die. She confesses.

The scene changes to a public square, the place of execution. Zoraya enters in the center of the gruesome procession, radiant, as she marches to her death, at the thought that she has saved her lover. The executioner is about to apply the torch when the Governor appears. His daughter is still in the hypnotic sleep, and he promises to pardon Zoraya if she will awaken her. Zoraya does so and the Governor keeps his word. But the ferocious populace, thus robbed of a spectacle, claims its victim. They attack Zoraya as Don Enrique is escorting her from the city, and she and her lover fall to the ground together. Zoraya always carries on her person a vial of deadly poison. She drinks from it and passes the rest to Don Enrique, and the two lovers die in a last embrace.

The drama is described as well constructed, rapid in action, poetic and picturesque in the opening scenes, and cumulative in interest until it is reached the thrilling and pathetic fourth act, one of the strongest Sardou has ever written.



# New York Sees the Prize Play



(1) William Harcourt—(2) Minna Gale-Haynes—3 Carlotta Nilsson—(4) Maclyn Arbuckle—(5) Max Figman (who staged the play)—(6) Robert Whittier—(7) Davenport Seymour—(8) F. F. Mackay—(9) Louise Delmar—(10) George Backus—(11) Harold Howard—(12) Sydney Rice—(13) Isabel Waldron—(14) Grace Filkins—(15) Douglas J. Wood—(16) Victoria Addison—(17) Grace Hoyer—(18) R. R. Neill

THE PLAYERS WHO TOOK PART IN THE PRODUCTION OF "THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE"

## Prize Drama Successfully Produced and the Rights Secured by a Manager

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE's prize play, "The Triumph of Love," by Martha Morton Conheim, was presented at a special matinee at the Criterion Theatre on February 8 last, and was favorably received by a large and brilliant audience. The cast was as follows:

Lenore Everard	Minna Gale-Haynes	Tom Sutton	Sydney Rice
Miriam Selwyn	Carlotta Nilsson	Dr. Selwyn	George Backus
Mrs. Tyrrell	Grace Filkins	Mr. Tyrrell	Douglas J. Wood
Mrs. Grace Forrester	Grace Hoyer	Mr. Fish	Harold Howard
Mrs. Selwyn	Isabel Waldron	Mr. Livingston	Malcolm Duncan
Mrs. Larkin	Victoria Addison	Mr. Wendell	W. J. McNeese
Mrs. Leroy	Louise Delmar	Mr. Larkin	Edward Earle
Miss Adelaide Thompson	Marion Fairfax	Mr. Jordan	R. R. Neill
Joyce	Davenport Seymour	Mr. Webster	Henry Conklin
Colonel Deering	William Harcourt	Mr. Adams	Royal Dana Tracy
Noah Quale	Maclyn Arbuckle	Mr. Westover	Bennett Phelan
A. Balthasar Everard	F. F. Mackay	Mr. Canning	Dudley E. Oatman
Hector Forrester	Robert Whittier	James	Ellis N. Harris

The theme of the play is the obligation of union and the right of the survival of love between a man and woman who have given to each other heart and soul. The dramatist has not sought to demonstrate that woman is above social law or that she should possess peculiar exemption, but that the man has no right to survive in prosperity at the expense of her happiness and existence. This seems a daring proposition, and, indeed, it would be an impossible one if it were aimed at the structure of society; but it concerns only individual rights and obligations, and from that viewpoint the moral is sound. It is the very first lesson taught to mankind, for that matter. A man's responsibility is not less than that of a woman. He must share the blame and find compensation with her in fidelity and love.

The main action revolves about the love between Lenore Everard and Colonel Deering. They are betrothed and are to be married. He is a candidate for high political office. The scandalmongers of society unjustly attack her character in so far as the attentions of other men are concerned, but she has compromised herself in no uncertain way by having a confidential friend pawn her jewels in order to furnish the

man she loves, without his knowledge, with money to conduct his campaign. The scandal becomes dangerous to the political ambitions of the man, and the leader of the party insists that he must provide against defeat by marrying Miriam Selwyn, a young woman of irreproachable character. Lenore Everard had married, as many women do, by mistake and without love, and her worthless husband's dissipations soon left her a widow. Her father-in-law, Mr. Everard, stands by her in her troubles when she is set upon by society, and also when Colonel Deering, yielding to the demands of the political leader, throws her aside and is about to marry Miriam Selwyn. Lenore is a fascinating woman who exerts an unconscious power over men, with the result that Forrester, one of her admirers, infatuated with her and without encouragement from her, shoots and desperately wounds Colonel Deering. This tragedy opens the eyes of Miriam to the relations between Lenore and Colonel Deering, Lenore being unable to control her feelings publicly. While recovering from his wound, Colonel Deering returns to his better nature, foregoes political ambition, and the action ends with the reunion of the two lovers; love has triumphed.

The play, as will be gathered from the foregoing brief synopsis, has deep human interest. It is intellectual and dramatic in treatment, and moral in purpose. The dialogue has distinct literary quality, and contains many striking passages. Quale has this to say of the espionage of the world over our actions.

"You may try to deceive yourself, but you cannot deceive the world. My boy, the world is the most perfect secret detective organization that has ever existed. Our maids, our valets, our friends, our enemies, all work together, forming an indisputable chain of evidence. Why, the world knows a man's end before he knows it himself. A wife's shame before her husband, a banker's defalcation before the depositors, a merchant's bankruptcy before his creditors. The world knows to-day who will win at the next election, and we can only work and hope."

Lenore says:





Byron, N. Y. MACLYN ARBUCKLE WILLIAM HARCOURT  
Act I, Col. Deering [Mr. Harcourt]. "I'll marry Lenore Everard!"  
Quale [Mr. Arbuckle]: "Then, by God, I'm done with you!"

MINNA GALE HAYNES MR. HARCOURT  
Lenore [Mrs. Haynes]: "You may make me suffer, but you cannot degrade me"

"I have never in all my life told a deliberate lie; I have never thought evil or wronged a human soul. If a man could say that, he would be a good man."

"Yes," replies Everard, "but goodness in a woman is of a finer quality—an indefinable something—like the freshness of a flower before a hand has touched it."

#### Here are some epigrams:

Waiting is a young lawyer's principal occupation in life, first for clients and then for fees.

On the stage a woman portrays emotion and does not feel it; in real life she feels emotion and does not portray it.

I believe a woman should be all a man is not; man the mental, woman the moral superior, we strike a perfect harmony.

Men preach high morality in women, and practice to make it impossible.

There are few men who do not have some tic difficult to break before they settle down and marry.

Conversation is like a garment, put on to suit the occasion.

When a man and woman take the law in their own hands, the time inevitably comes when they must fight the world.

I've been on the brink, but I've never toppled over.

A woman must not only be pure, but above suspicion, and she must not always be seen with the same man. Better to have a number; then they can't say which one it is.

We must not destroy the fruit of our life by plucking the blossoms.

A man whom the world despises may be redeemed, but he who despises himself is hopelessly lost.

Miriam Selwyn is a striking figure in the play. She is innocent of knowledge of the world, domestic, with ideals, with a sense of duty, but untouched by emotion. If there had been a serious conflict between the woman of the world and the girl of the fireside, sympathy with Lenore might have been impaired; but, as it is, the unsophisticated girl is not crushed by the catastrophe of the action, and really symbolizes the innate purity of Lenore. Only the love of the one is governed by the sense of duty; the love of the other has been tried in the fire of passion. The one has not been drawn into the whirlwind of misery; the other has come near to ruin. The performance of the play, with its many character bits in addition to the leading persons of the action, required an unusually large cast, as will be seen by reference to the list of actors engaged in it, all of whom volunteered their services; and THE THEATRE MAGAZINE takes this opportunity of thanking them. Minna Gale Haynes, affectionately remembered by the theatre-going public as leading woman



MRS. HAYNES WILLIAM HARCOURT CARLOTTA NILLSON ROBERT WHITTIER GEORGE BACKUS  
Col. Deering shot by Forrester at the reception of the National Club

DRAMATIC SITUATION AT THE END OF THE THIRD ACT OF "THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE"





Byron, N. Y. MRS. HAYNES F. F. MACKAY  
Act IV. Mr. Everard [Mr. Mackay]: "Lenore, come home," Lenore [Mrs. Haynes]:  
"My home is here."

with Lawrence Barrett, appeared as Lenore in all the radiance of her mature beauty. Her acting was quiet, effective, artistic, and marked by modesty, refinement and ideality. She was conscious as to the sincerity and natural purity of the woman, and she struck the true note for the part. Carlotta Nillson played the simple part of Miriam with the same firm temperament and delicate method that brought her into instant public appreciation when she played in "Hedda Gabler." Grace Filkins, as Mrs. Tyrrell, reproduced the animated and frivolous woman of society with artistic nicety. Maclyn Arbuckle played the part of Quale, the political leader, with that authority and tact which is needed in a character concerning which audiences have a definite idea. William Harcourt was efficient as Colonel Deering, with whom, it is true, there is little sympathy until, at the close of the action, he returns to a sense of justice and manhood.

F. F. Mackay was seen as the father-in-law, and Davenport Seymour, a niece of Fanny Davenport, was attractive as the maid Joyce. Grace Heyer looked handsome as a fashionable society woman, and the Misses Louise Delmar and Victoria Addison took similar rôles discreetly. Miss Marion Fairfax did well in a smaller part, and Isabel Waldron, an old favorite, assumed with dignity the rôle of a society matron. Sydney Rice, after only two days' rehearsal, gave a creditable performance of the part of Tom, and Robert Whittier was satisfactory as the envious Forrester. George Backus played well the rôle of a young physician, and Douglas J. Wood was adequate as a man of the world. Harold Howard assumed the leadership among the crowd of fashionable young clubmen, the other rôles being satisfactorily filled by Messrs. Malcolm Duncan, W. J. McNees, Edward Earle, R. R. Neill, Henry Conklin, Royal Dana Tracy, Bennett Phelan and Dudley E. Oatman. Ellis N. Harris made a good footman. More than passing mention must be made of the admirable manner in which the play was staged by Max Figman. Having to cope with all kinds of difficulties, inevitable on such occasions, he overcame them all, and it was largely owing to his excellent generalship that it was possible to give a smooth performance.

Every one, dramatists, actors and the general public,

expressed themselves as delighted with the performance. There was great applause throughout the performance, and at the end of the third act the enthusiasm was such that the author was compelled to come forward, and Mrs. Conheim delivered one of the best speeches ever heard from the stage. She said that the dramatist, unlike the sculptor, the writer or the painter, was not able to finish his work himself, but must entrust its interpretation to others. She thanked therefore, the players who had volunteered their services to interpret her work, she thanked the THEATRE MAGAZINE which had given her the opportunity for a hearing, she thanked Max Figman for his intelligent stage direction and Charles Frohman for lending his beautiful playhouse, ending with this quotation from the German philosopher, Nietzsche: "When the author lets his work speak, he should be silent." Bronson Howard writes: "I wish to thank you for a very delightful afternoon. I owe THE THEATRE MAGAZINE acknowledgment of work for the stage in America."

James H. Hyde, vice-president of the Equitable Life Assurance Company, writes:

I want to congratulate you on the play and its production, and also on the effort to create a further interest in original national dramatic literature."

F. Marion Crawford, writes:

Mr. Seymour and I selected the best acting play from a great number and should choose the same over again.

The play will now go to a higher tribunal for a final hearing, for we are happy to be able to announce that immediately after the trial performance the play was secured by a well-known manager who will make an elaborate production of it at the beginning of next season. The public, that great anonymous and impartial judge, will decide whether or no this play was worthy of presentation, and we will abide by that decision. With a fine production, adequate scenery and ample rehearsals—conditions impossible to secure for a hurried trial performance, we are convinced that this prize drama will make a deep and lasting impression. In any case we have accomplished what we undertook. We have produced the best play submitted in the competition. A play no manager would consider has had a public performance through our instrumentality, and as a result the author has found a manager and secured a production.



Byron, N. Y. MACLYN ARBUCKLE WILLIAM HARCOURT  
Act IV. Quale [Mr. Arbuckle]: "Your's is the story of a splendid career ruined by a woman."



# Dramatic Incidents in the Lives of Eighteenth Century Players

No. IV. THE BLUE EYED BELLAMY

**B**IG, blue eyes, golden hair, a lithe figure and Irish blood, made George Anne Bellamy as lovely as Hebe.

Ten years younger than Margaret Woffington, Anne was Peg's acknowledged rival, on and off the stage. By birth and training, the Bellamy was Woffington's superior, but as an actress, slightly her inferior.

The illegitimate daughter of Lord Tyrawley, afterwards British Ambassador to Russia, George Anne spent her childhood in a French convent. When his lordship deserted her mother, the girl lived in England. She early evinced mimetic power, and became accustomed, as she grew older, to enact such roles as she knew in company with her associates. Rich, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, overheard one of these performances, and was so delighted with the quality of Anne's voice that he proposed to her a career on the stage. She accepted and, as she says, "blazed forth with meridian splendor."

From the first, she was well received socially, under the patronage of Lady Cardigan and the Duchess of Queensbury, who, doubtless, aided her with her wardrobe.

"Dresses of theatrical ladies," says Anne, in her "Apology" for her life, "were at this period very different. Empresses and queens were confined to black velvet, except on extraordinary occasions when they put on embroidered or tissue petticoats. Young ladies appeared in the cast (off) gowns of ladies of quality."

The story of her life teems with dramatic happenings.

"Among those who paid me the greatest degree of attention," she says, "was Lord Byron, a nobleman who had little to boast of but a title and an agreeable face; and Mr. Montgomery, since Sir George Metham. As I would not listen to any proposal save marriage and a coach, Mr. Montgomery honestly told me, at the beginning of his devoirs, that he could not comply with the first, as his only dependence was on his father whose consent he could not hope to procure, and as for the latter, he could not afford it."

Lord Byron, less chivalrous and more in accord with the world's idea of a lover, sought to coerce.

One Sunday morning, when Anne was at home alone, a

gentleman called with word that her friend, Mrs. Jackson, was waiting in a coach, at the end of the street, to speak with her.

"Whatever can she want?" asked Anne.

"I know not," said he. "We were driving together and she asked me to deliver the message."

Gloveless and hatless, Anne sped from the house with the gallant at her heels. There stood a coach and four with postillions alert.

"Dear," said Anne, poking her golden head through the coach window.

"Whip 'em, m'lads," hissed the gentleman, lifting her on to the seat and slamming the door.

"Not the least harm is intended you, ma'am," he said, when Anne screamed. "Lord Byron is prepared to make the most honorable advances."

But in the wake of the coach, came Anne's brother, returned from over the seas in time to witness the kidnapping. No sooner was she within her captor's house than young Bellamy was pounding at the door. Being a lusty fellow, his arguments were conclusive and she was rescued.

Shortly thereafter, she visited Dublin, and was received in the exclusive circle gathered about Lord Chesterfield, the Viceroy. At a dinner given by a Mrs. Dudley, a young man just returned from the *grand tour*, boasted of an improper acquaintance with George Anne, whom, in reality, he had never seen. The hostess, without reproving him, sent for the young actress, whose character was then

unassailable. When Anne came, she noticed a coolness from all save this one guest, who was so attracted by her beauty that he could only simper and languish. At the first opportunity, he enquired, in a whisper, of Mrs. Dudley, the young lady's name.

"Surely you must know her," said the matron, in a voice that carried the length of the room. "I am certain you know her; nay that you are well acquainted with her."

Somewhat disconcerted by Mrs. Dudley's tone, he denied that such was the case.

"Fie! Fie! Mr. Medlicote," she said. "What can you say for yourself when I tell you that this is the dear girl



From an Engraving

ANNE BELLAMY



whose character you so cruelly aspersed at dinner?"

George Anne's Irish blood often overcame her habit of restraint and at such times, she was regardless of place or occasion. At Dublin, in the presence of the Viceroy, she soundly smacked a young nobleman who had taken advantage of his seat on the stage to kiss her behind the ear as she passed. At Covent Garden Theatre, she became exasperated because the visiting King of Denmark sat in the royal loge, asleep. Crossing to the box, she cried: "Oh! most noble lord!" a play upon the line required of her.

"'Tis a splendid, lusty voice, ma'am," said the King and went to sleep again.

It was natural that Anne and Peg should war. In advance of a production of "The Rival Queens," George Anne sent to Paris for three beautiful gowns, in which to

enact Statira. Margaret became furious, when she beheld her rival's splendour, and took her to task.

"How dare you be so impertinent," she said, "as to outdress me? Never, *never*, do you hear, are you to wear that robe again!"

"I am sorry to have wounded you," said Anne, suspiciously demure. "I will not wear the robe."

True to her word, she brought out the second costume, more splendid than the first, and Peg, at sight of it, fell upon her, tooth and nail, knocked her down and began pummelling her with the hilt of a property dagger, crying:

"Nor he, nor Heaven, shall shield thee from my justice.

"Die, sorceress, die! and all my wrongs die with thee." And Peg had never seemed so consummate an actress.

AUBREY LANSTON.

## The American Theatre of Tragedy

SOME day, perhaps, the United States government will build in Washington a national theatre which will establish and maintain a high standard of American drama, but it will never have a theatre more closely associated with national tragedy than the obscure old building famous in history as Ford's Theatre and which is now the scene of the routine work of a branch of the War Department, giving no hint of the enthusiasm which shook its walls when the great lights of drama shone from its stage, or of the horror which thrilled the country when, on Good Friday night, April 14, 1865, a shot fired in one of its boxes plunged the nation into mourning.

The old structure was originally a Baptist church, but apparently was not successful as a place of worship, for its congregation left, and the building was unoccupied for a long time. About 1857, John T. Ford, assisted by a dozen or more prominent citizens of Washington, who each contributed about a thousand dollars, transformed it into a theatre. An excellent stock company was established, all the great artists of the day played engagements there, and it became the leading theatre of the city. One of Forrest's most notable engagements was played at this house; it lasted a month, and was followed by an engagement of Hackett the elder. But the brilliant career which now seemed assured for the theatre came to a sudden stop, for the performance of Miss Laura Keane, in the celebrated comedy, "The American Cousin," which was so tragically interpreted, was its last. The same night President Lincoln was shot as he sat watching the performance, and the life of Secretary Seward was attempted.

Ford's Theatre was closed, of course, after the assassination, and was purchased by the government. But though its career as a theatre was ended, its career as a scene of tragedy was not. Twenty-eight years later, on the morning of Friday, June 9, 1893, while the five hundred government clerks of the Record and Pension Office of the War Department were at work, the front part of the interior of the

building suddenly collapsed, killing twenty-eight persons and injuring more than a hundred. The immediate cause of the collapse was the weakening of the foundations of one of the columns, brought about in making repairs in the basement; but the building had long been known to be unsafe, and its disgraceful condition and the criminal risk incurred in housing men in it had repeatedly been urged in Congress. The danger of collapse was so obvious that the economical members had consented years before to having the very valuable medical library of the army removed to safe quarters, but the five hundred clerks were left to take their chances. One provident clerk, realizing the likelihood of a disaster, had many months before devised a plan for escape, and he actually put it into execution, and so saved his own life and the lives of several fellow clerks.

Since the catastrophe there have been some attempts made to have Congress remove this old building of sinister association and erect a memorial on its site, but they have had little prospect of success, and Ford's Theatre, patched up within, and unchanged without, is still in active service, at once the most interesting and uninteresting theatre in Washington.

JEREMIAH O'CONNOR.



Ford's Theatre, Washington, as the historic building appears today.





## Richard Mansfield—Actor and Man

"**W**HATEVER shall I do with my unfortunate boy, Dicky?" wrote Mme. Rudersdorf to a friend.

Brilliant Mme. Rudersdorf, one of the foremost teachers of vocal music in Boston, was considerably worried about her son, Richard, whom in moments of extreme tenderness or exasperation, she called "Dicky." He was an unusual boy whom the average mother would have voted "trying." Mme. Rudersdorf was not an average mother. Born in Heligoland, that rocky island possession of Great Britain in the North Sea, young Mansfield lent some verity to the theory that our natures partake of the characteristics of our natal surroundings. There was a rugged unshakeableness about the boy, and a tendency to temperamental outbreaks which recalled to his mother the storms that swept the cliffs of her one-time northern home. Mme. Rudersdorf understood, but his tutors were not so canny. "Clever, but impossible!" was their verdict, and one after another, in startlingly regular succession, they resigned their charges. "What can be done?" asked Mme. Rudersdorf. Their answers were the same. "He is not bad, only strange. The elements are ungovernable. So is he." The tutors were of opinion that he would never acquire an education, but despite them, he did. It was largely by absorption, for he was kept travelling in England and on the continent, much of his boyhood. Some knowledge of painting absorbed in Italy, some technique of music acquired in Germany, and in England a loving understanding of Shakespeare. At the school in Derby he played Shylock at a class-day exhibition when the Bishop of Litchfield grasped the boy's hand and said: "Heaven forbid that I should urge you to become an actor, but should you, you will be a great one."

It was when uncertain as to her choice of a profession for her son that the singer wrote her friend, "Whatever shall I do with my unfortunate boy, Dicky?" Music, she concluded was an exacting and not always tender mistress. She considered the East Indian service, and gave some thought to the relative merits of medicine and the law. She inclined most to painting and the lad did paint with some promise. He went seriously to work with palette and brushes in South Kensington. But fate led him from South Kensington to Boston where he obtained a clerkship in the wholesale house of Jordan, Marsh & Co. Disliking commercial life, he

essayed journalism and for a time was a dramatic critic. He was severe to the players and was dubbed by them "the merciless." Before long he resigned his position because the owner of the newspaper had asked him to praise a player he thought incompetent.

Back to England went young Mansfield, with his lofty ideals and spirit in revolt. That was the Dark Age in his life history. "For seven years" he said, "I starved. Yes, literally and actually starved. You may not believe me, but it's true."

In the worst of those days, it is said by those who know, a hot potato saw double service, first to warm his freezing hands, second to comfort his empty stomach. He was a bit of a musician then as now, and he was engaged to play one night at St. George's Hall. Weakened by long privation he lost the engagement because he was too weak to sit erect on the piano stool. Later, he joined a barn-storming company at a salary that was princely in his eyes, £3 (\$15) a week.

Seven years after he returned to America. The mark of his privations was upon him. It was manifest in the leanness of his young frame, the asceticism of his thin lips and bulging brow and determined eyes and chin, and the doggedness, alternating with truculence, of his nature. He made his American début with Mme. Dolaro in "Les Manteaux Noirs" at the old Standard Theatre in New York. Alone, friendless, he came upon the stage without a single welcoming "hand" and although his work was clean cut and virile, he left it without any testimonial to his merit. In those days personality was not so important an element in theatricals as now. Soon after this came the opportunity that was to prove the turning point in his career and lead him to success. A. M. Palmer engaged him for the small part of Tirande in "The Parisian Romance," and pending rehearsals the young man went to Baltimore to play the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe." While dancing in this operetta he sprained his ankle, but finished the performance and took the train for New York that night, in response to a telegram from Mr. Palmer, announcing that rehearsals began next day. A cabman dropped him at his East-side boarding house in a swoon from the pain of his sprained ankle, but he was at rehearsal at 10 o'clock next morning, his foot in splints.

The play was read and J. H. Stoddard, who had been





Otto Sarony Co.

MISS VERE GERALD

Playing a prominent role with Charles Hawtrey in  
"The Man From Blankley's."

born in 1857, therefore the actor is in his forty-seventh year. The Mount Pisgah of a man's life, the peak from which he views with equal clearness the desert wastes of the past and the promised land of the future, is forty-five years. The philosophy of the man who stands upon this altitude is interesting.

"The best wish I can give to women is: 'Love. Not too much, nor too little.'"

Asked for a motto for the actor, he said: "Tell your audience what you are going to do, do it, and then tell them you have done it." The wealth of emphasis, attended with a fleeting, quizzical expression in his eyes, rested upon "Do it."

"Love your work. Then you will do it well. It is its own reward, though it brings others. If you like your work, hold on to it, and eventually you are likely to win. If you don't like it, you can't be too quick in getting into something that suits you better."

Of audiences he says: "Yes, to be sure. It is the thing we play to. It is the sombre shadow on the other side of the footlights. It is a black mass, a monster. It seems to me to be waiting there to devour me. I suppose some day it will kill me because I have nothing more to give. The monster waiting there every night has to be fed. Some-

cast for the part of the lecherous old Baron Chevril, frowning with Jovian severity, said: "I refuse to play the part. There is nothing in it."

"I'll play it, Mr. Palmer!" Young Mansfield hobbled forward, his eyes aflame with dramatic enthusiasm and personal ambition, "I think I see something in it. Let me play it."

The young actor's voice was firm and his eyes steady, but his hands quivered with emotion. Manager Palmer looked after Mr. Stoddard's retreating figure, then back at the eager young man. "You may try," he said. Thus the door of Opportunity opened for Richard Mansfield. His Baron Chevril placed him instantly among the foremost actors of America.

Mr. Mansfield was

times I think it is insatiable. I give and I give and I give, and it sits there intent, waiting for more."

Asked to name his favorite rôle, he replied:

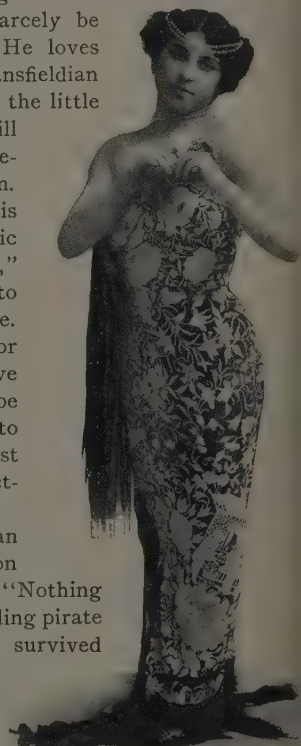
"Do you ask a father to determine his favorite child? Characterization, the realization of a new role, is mental pregnancy and delivery. It is absorbing, holy, joyful and painful. It is born of study, anxiety, labor, pain. The parent loves that child best which is last on his knees, or in his arms. Does it not occur to you that the serious, conscientious artist loves that rôle best which he is acting?"

Mr. Mansfield was well advanced in bachelorhood when he married Miss Beatrice Cameron who was his leading lady. Hers is a distinctively feminine personality whose gentleness conforms, while an Amazonian type would conflict, with her husband's forcefulness. The winter home of the Mansfield's is the white stone mansion at No. 316 Riverside Drive, New York. Their summer home is a baronial-like place near New London, Conn. In summer he lives a great deal out-of-doors, and gives much time to rowing and swimming. His winter exercise is a long daily ride on his favorite black saddle horse, "King Cole," or his bay, "Liberty." His habits are most methodical, and his daily life that of the busy student and man of affairs. He dines early, at 4.30 and after dinner retires to his study for his "hour alone." He believes that every man or woman needs so much seclusion, at least sixty minutes, for pulling himself together and taking, so to speak, an inventory of his mental belongings.

It is at the quiet, after-theatre suppers in his own home that Richard Mansfield—the man—is seen at his best. The work-a-day hours are over. He drops the professional mask, and is urbane, diffuse in conversation, tender. An hour before, at the theatre, he had been a living thunderbolt, a human dynamo terribly charged with energy. Such a force could scarcely be restrained—except to children. He loves them, and the high wind of Mansfieldian authority is instantly tempered to the little ones of his company. If they are ill he amuses them. If peevish or homesick he plays with and sings to them.

Mr. Mansfield says frankly he is tired of acting. "I love dramatic art but detest theatrical business," he says. He is ardently devoted to the idea of an endowed theatre. "When American millionaires do for the dramatic stage what they have done for the musical, art will be free," he says. I would be glad to give up acting and spend the rest of my life, at a small salary, directing such a theatre."

This great man of the American stage still possesses a trait in common with the boy born in Helegoland. "Nothing rests nor amuses me so much as reading pirate stories," he says. That taste has survived since the time Mme. Rudersdorf artlessly wrote: "Whatever shall I do with my unfortunate boy. Dicky?"



Otto Sarony Co.

PEPITA ARAGON—Spanish Dancer





Copyright, Aime Dupont



Copyright, Byron, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mansfield and their little son



Copyright, Aime Dupont

Mme. Gadski and her little daughter

Mme. Louise Homer and her infant son

## Race Suicide on the American Stage

IF President Roosevelt wishes to know where in this country Race Suicide is to be seen at its best (or worst) let him look for it in our theatres. The number of American actresses who are mothers is in almost ludicrous ratio to the number of women on our stage. It is much smaller than that of European actresses. The large majority of American actresses are childless, whereas in Europe it is the minority of women players who are not mothers. It is not within the province of this magazine to inquire into the reasons for this difference. We can only insist on the truth of our statement that the American stage is as barren, comparatively, as is upper Fifth Avenue, the most beautiful and most childless thoroughfare in America.

The fact that the American actress has to travel more than her European sister, no doubt has much to do with her shirking the responsibilities of motherhood, but there is also another reason, or so called business reason.

"Have your photograph taken with your baby? Isn't that bad business for a leading woman?"

So spoke a manager to one of the happy actress mothers whose pictured face close to a small replica of her own, illumines this article. And with the manager spoke stage tradition, the same deep-rooted prejudice that in many instances still forbids husband and wife to play in the same company.

The public doesn't like to see a man making love to his own wife on the stage, complains the manager, and the husband and wife separate professionally and in some notable cases, a personal and marital separation has followed later. Don't destroy the illusion, he begs, and sometimes he is obeyed. The illusion is preserved and the home circle broken.

Occasionally, some fair rebel routs the manager. The actress who was warned that the accompanying photograph would disillusionize the public that had delighted to see her wooed by stage moonlight on mimic lawns before "prop" mansions, season after season, replied with delightful feminine inconsequence:

"But I want everybody to know about baby. She is the sweetest child in the world." Which is proof enough that a stage mother is very much like any other mother.

In the world of grand opera, we find Mme Louise Homer, Mme. Gadski, Mme. Schumann-Heink, all taking as much pride in their children as in their exquisite voices. Mme. Schumann-Heink is a mother of eight, and the incomparable Sembrich, also, had two sons both of whom are dead, one quite recently. But these opera mothers form striking exceptions in the long list of childless prima donnas.

Mme. Gadski takes her little ten year old daughter, Miss Lotta Tauscher Gadski with her on all her journeys. Miss Lotta rides horseback, dresses for dinner and has perfect, grown-up, society manners. Mme. Louise Homer is perhaps the most old fashioned and charming mother among those singers who have children. She has an eight year old daughter, Miss Louise and a boy Master Sidney, aged one full observing year. The contralto prima donna breakfasts with her daughter and takes her for a walk in the park before school. Then Mme. Homer returns and gives her loving attention to Master Sidney, who is

one of the prettiest of the fashionable babies to be met in the daily perambulator promenade on Riverside Drive. Mme. Homer dresses and undresses her children herself.

"I see more of my children than society mothers can"



Drina de Wolfe and her little boy



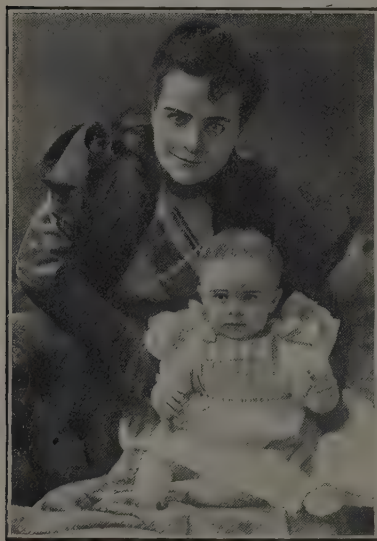


Mrs. Otis Sktuner and her daughter

Mansfield, aged four, who shares the dominant traits of both father and mother. His facial resemblance to each can be traced in the photograph of the family group taken at their country home near New London. His character already shows a curious mingling of his father's extraordinary force and his mother's exceptional gentleness. Mrs.

Forbes Robertson is the mother of beautiful little Maxine Elliott Robertson, aged two years, a reposeful, dark-eyed little beauty, who resembles her aunt so closely that she is known in the double household at 316 West End Avenue, as Maxine II.

Miss Henrietta Crossman, in private life Mrs. Maurice Campbell, has two sons, one aged twelve, the other eight, and it is no uncommon sight to see these rosy cheeked youngsters, escorted



Little Pauline Hall, Jr., and her mother

by a nurse, watching their mother act at a performance.

Little Miss Josephine Royle, daughter of Selena Fetter Royle, was warmly welcomed, when eight years after their marriage, she was added to the anxieties, as well as the joys, of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Milton Royle. For it is a serious matter to leave baby behind, when the father and mother go a starring. But life on the road is impossible to babyhood and as Mademoiselle must be left, there are strong emotional scenes at parting, scenes at which Baby Josephine, being without dramatic education, marvelled, until she forgot them in the wrapt contemplation of her thumbs and toes.

Pauline Hall, Jr., is the way Miss Pauline Hall McClellan, is known to her intimates. When she grows a big girl, she will travel with her mother, the original and loveliest American Erminie. Now she remains with relatives and a trusted nurse in the unhappy times when her mother is on tour.

Miss Drina De Wolfe, in private life, Mrs. Characteris De Wolfe, has seen little of her baby for a year. Just now he is at Lakewood, N. J., with his grandmother, where she visited him before the opening of the "The Other Girl" company in which she is playing.

The weeks or months on the road are more heart-wrenching times for the mothers than the children left behind, for children are eating, drinking, sleeping, frolicking young animals at best. Their affectional power matures with their growth. But the mothers have the full register of emotion. Soubrettes have been known to be transformed into tragedy queens, for the nonce, at the beginning of the season on the road, because of the little one placidly adapting itself to changed conditions at home. And then the pathos of the return! That dainty dancer, Josephine Cohan ran into the nursery, seized six weeks old Master Fred Niblo from his crib, and cried with joy at seeing him again, whereat young Master Fred turned his protesting back on the agitated stranger and howled lustily for his black nurse. The young mother burst into tears and shook a small white fist at the unnatural infant.

"I'll teach you, you bad, bad boy, to forget your mother," she sobbed.



Selena Fetter Royle and her baby

### THE ACTOR'S FATE

THE actors are in sorry plight,  
If what they say is true;  
Small houses rule 'most ev'rywhere,  
And managers are blue.  
Unless the public quick wakes up,  
And doles its shekles out,  
The theatres must close up their doors;  
Of this there's little doubt.  
What, then, will be the mummer's fate?  
Let's in the future peek;  
New lines of occupation they  
Will forthwith have to seek.  
Thus "Raffles" will return again  
To cope in worldly strife,  
Yet let him crack but safe or skull,  
And he'll be fixed for life.  
Ye "Little Mary" now on tour  
Will cure stomachic ills,

And lure you by her winning art  
To buy her compound pills.  
The "Crichton" will by day set forth  
His skill in 'lectric bells,  
While every evening he'll be found  
A waiter up at "Dels."  
"Legree," who whips poor "Uncle Tom,"  
Will mend his cruel ways,  
In whipping cream for chocolate hot  
He'll peaceful end his days;  
While "Mary Ann" will "merely" quit  
Her hard-gained Lancelot,  
And find a peace in making beds  
And fires, her one-time lot.  
"Virginia's" son no longer 'll punch  
The cow, the children's friend,  
But 'hind the bar, the punch he'll mix  
Of rum and milk, a blend.

EDWARD FALES COWARD.



# Richard Harding Davis' Play "Ranson's Folly"



Byron, N. Y.

LIEUT. RANSON (Robt. Edeson)

Young Lieut. Ranson, Twelfth Cavalry, U. S. A., finding garrison life unbearably dull, wagers that he will hold up the stage coach with a pair of shears.



A dance is being given by Ranson on the evening of the same day. Suddenly word is brought that the army paymaster has been held up and shot. Ranson is placed under arrest.



MARY (Sandol Milliken)

Ranson is a prisoner under guard. He suspects the post trader, Cahill, of having done the shooting, but because of his love for Mary, the trader's daughter, he urges her father to escape.



CAHILL (Harry Harwood)

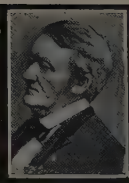
The trader, realizing that Ranson's love for his daughter is honorable and that his disgrace will stand in the way of her happiness, attempts to shoot himself, but is prevented by the Lieutenant. Finally the real culprit, a genuine highwayman, is discovered, and the play ends happily.





Octave Mirbeau

# Has an Author Absolute Property in His Brain-Work?



Richard Wagner

THERE have been two prominent instances lately of works presented on the stage not only without the permission of their respective authors, but in spite of the vigorous protests of the author or his representative. One recent and well-known case is that of the opera "Parsifal" produced here by Heinrich Conried in spite of the protests of Richard Wagner's widow; another is that of Octave Mirbeau's successful play, "Les Affaires sont les Affaires," which was recently presented in Moscow, notwithstanding the fact that the author had prohibited its performance. As far as "Parsifal" is concerned, there is no doubt as to the legality of Mr. Conried's position. Richard Wagner failed to protect his opera in America; therefore, legally, the work is technically free in this country. But abstract ethical justice is often higher than the actual laws of nations. Because Wagner failed to copyright "Parsifal" in America and thus deprived his heirs of legal redress in the event of unauthorized performances of his work in this country, is it, therefore, morally right to appropriate an author's property against his will, simply because the laws of the land do not afford the said author protection? In practical everyday life do we forgive the burglar when, through our own carelessness, a door has been left unlocked? Richard Wagner did not wish the opera presented outside of Bayreuth for a term of years still unexpired. Whether the composer was selfish or narrow in making these restrictions, is not the question at issue. It is this: Had Wagner the right to act as he saw fit in regard to his own property? Many persons are of the opinion that our existing copyright laws are unjust in having a time limit, and insist that an author and his descendants should enjoy perpetually the fruit of his labors in the same way that a man who has acquired land or built a house enjoys his property. Victorien Sardou, the famous French dramatist, insists that the author is more entitled to so enjoy his work, since any one who has the money can build a house, whereas no amount of money can create a Shakespeare, a Balzac, or a Dickens. In other words, it is argued that the descendants of famous authors, copyright on whose works long ago expired, should rightfully be enjoying royalties from their progenitor's labors, and that if the world takes delight in the books of certain authors, the world should be willing to pay for its enjoyment. The late Emile Zola was a warm advocate of perpetual copyright, he claiming that the property created by the brain is as sacred as property created by the hand and fully as entitled to the protection of the law. Five celebrated authors, one famous lawyer, and two distinguished actors have written their views on this interesting question for "The Theatre Magazine," and these opinions are presented herewith:



## VICTORIEN SARDOU.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

For us Frenchmen the question of an author's ownership of his own productions is no longer debatable; it was long ago settled in accordance with Alphonse Karr's famous dictum: Literary Property Is Property. To my way of thinking, literary productions are more in the nature of property than any other kind of

property; more so than a garden or a house, for instance, which is built on land that already exists out of materials that also already exist. Anybody can build a house. It is simply a question of money. But where are the persons who can create a Hamlet or a Tartuffe? So much for the principle of the ownership of literary property. Now another important consideration—the author's rights in his property. It goes without saying that the author, being the owner of his own work, possesses all the rights pertaining to property, and, in the case of a dramatic piece, has the right to decide how it shall be presented on the stage. It cannot be admitted for an instant that the theatre manager or the translator who have failed in their part—traduttore traditore—changing by suppressions the very character of the work, introducing modifications and making additions, can infringe in any way on the literary ownership of the author whom they have misused. The same holds good as regards the bad acting of a play. In a word, in answer to the question whether a literary or musical work is the property of the author, the translator or the theatrical manager, I do not hesitate to declare that it is exclusively the property of the first named.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

## PAUL HERVIEU.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

In the first place, a literary work, which an author has created after days, weeks, months or years of labor is the most personal sort of property that can possibly exist. It is a property that did not exist before the act of the author created it, which owes its existence exclusively to him, into which he has put brain and heart, often his very health, a part of the vitality which we all possess and which enables us to prolong life. The person who, because of a defect in the law, robs the literary creator of his creation, commits an act, which if it were punishable in the courts, would place the guilty person in the category of criminals. In the second place, the translator or adapter of a piece, who alters the original work without the author's permission, is in my opinion, guilty of an act that is worse than stealing. He may be the cause of detracting from the literary reputation of the author whom he pillages. He can drag down, along with himself, his victim to intellectual degradation. It is a clear case of premeditated fraud. An honorable trade mark is used to cover wares of a cheaper and noxious quality.

PAUL HERVIEU.



## CLYDE FITCH

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

I cannot see how there can be any question as to the rights of an author over his own production, unless he disposes of those rights, or fails to protect them. If an author fails to take advantage of the laws made for his own protection he deserves to pay the penalty for his ethical laziness. If an author loses

any right over his own production he has my deepest sympathy, unless he has proved himself incapable of properly exercising his rights; which has happened.

CLYDE FITCH.

## BRONSON HOWARD.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

The following suggestions have no direct bearing on the honesty or dishonesty, the rights and wrongs, or the commercial interests, involved in the production of "Parsifal" in New York, under the present half-developed laws of artistic and literary property. But these immediate questions seem to be entirely overshadowed by the great principles of right and justice of which Richard Wagner made himself the enemy, by a clause in his will.

Wagner did a very great wrong to his fellow man, when he requested that a masterpiece of art should be seen and heard nowhere in the world, except in a small German village, and, therefore, only by such people as have money enough to travel to that place. It seems strange, that a man, being so great an artist, should express such a narrow and selfish wish; and his memory should not be protected from the severest censure, even by the reverence which the world has for his genius. Indeed, the more we revere his genius, the stronger should be our indignation; more than any lesser man, he should be condemned. The pious references to the "Sanctity" of Bayreuth, of which we have heard so many, sound much like the nasal cant of conventional hypocrisy. We all know and pity the royal lunatic who built the theatre; and the next previous art-worship of the Bavarian court was of worldwide notoriety—its devout reverence for the sanctity of the dancer, Lola Montez. Shakespeare, himself, had he lived half a century later, would hardly have "sanctified" a theatre connected with the Court of Charles the Second; and it took a full century, ending with the names of Goldsmith and Sheridan, to relieve the English stage of its moral stench. To pretend that the one name of Wagner can make Bayreuth a semi-religious mecca is a logical absurdity. Germany has exploited her artistic piety a little too strongly; she might do well to drop this mawkish sentimentality and consider the deep wrong her great composer did to art, thus trying to keep other great artists from following his bad example.







Photo, Hall, N. Y.

JOHN DREW AND HIS DAUGHTER, MISS LOUISE DREW  
WHO MADE HER DÉBUT ON THE STAGE TWO SEASONS AGO, AND NOW APPEARING IN "THE WHITEWASHING OF JULIA"





FLORENCE ROBERTS

This actress is a great favorite with theatregoers in the West, her popularity being fully equal to that of Mrs. Leslie Carter and Mrs. Fiske in the East. Her repertoire includes "Zaza," "Magia," "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," "Camille," "Sappho," etc. She is pictured above as Silvia in D'Annunzio's play "La Gioconda" which she was the first to do in the English language.

But even deeper than the wrong which the selfishness of Richard Wagner did to his own art, and to art in general, was the wrong he committed by throwing his enormous influence against the cause of artistic and literary property. He made himself a stumbling-block in the world's progress. Many earnest men, in Europe and America, are working towards one great universal principle: a man should have absolute property in his brain-work, as in anything else, protected by criminal penalties and civil damages, not a mere artificial ownership created and limited by "Copyright" laws. We hope, in the end, to make all restrictive copyright statutes unnecessary by doing full justice to artists and writers, and to their heirs. But the selfishness of Richard Wagner is now the most formidable obstacle in our way.

Long after the firm establishment of land ownership, it was found necessary to make laws against perpetual entailment, on account of the selfishness of testators. Wagner compels us to grapple with a similar proposition, while we are still struggling with a general principle. Possibly it will be all for the best, to be forced to deal with it at once; for Wagner has shown us in advance the evil to be guarded against, as Buck Farnshaw waltzed in and put down a riot with his spanner before it was started. But no thanks to Richard Wagner, for this prophetic promptness, from those whose work he has doubled. It may be said with certainty, that when this great work is finally accomplished, no such "will" as that of Wagner will stand in any court; it will be set aside, in this country at least, as is every will providing for the entailment of real estate.

BRONSON HOWARD.

#### MOUNET-SULLY.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

It seems to me that so long as the copy-right on a work has not expired, this work belongs absolutely to its author and he should be consulted concerning its translation, how it should be staged and who should form the cast. This view has so entered into our habits here in France, that even in the revival of one of Victor Hugo's plays, we consult his literary executor, M. Paul Meurice. So there is all the more reason why a living author should be consulted concerning everything bearing on his work. Nothing should be done without first obtaining his permission, for it is not only his material interests which are affected, but also and above all his moral interests, his reputation as an author, the position which he is to hold in the opinion of posterity. Looked at from this stand-point, the author's rights are beyond question.

MOUNET-SULLY,



#### COQUELIN CADET.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Of course an author has supreme control over his own literary creations. It is—I was going to say idiotic—childish to hold any other view. Without his permission, nobody has the right to translate, dramatize or play his works. Nobody would think of claiming the right to rub out anything in a picture, to touch it up, to spoil it, even after the canvas had been sold and the painter dead. What holds good concerning a picture, a piece of sculpture or any other sort of art work, should also hold good concerning a dramatic or other literary production.

COQUELIN CADET.



#### JULES CLARETIE.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Every presentation of a dramatic work done without the consent of the author is a blow at material property. Every falsification in the translation or the interpretation of a play is a blow at moral property. An author has the right to be neither translated, betrayed nor calumniated—betrayed by a translator, calumniated by an actor. This principle is so true, that in France, the author of a play may, if he likes, withdraw his piece from the boards if he considers that the manager has badly staged it or that the players are not equal to the proper acting of it. He is the complete master of what has emanated from his brain, from his own brain and conscience. Anything that goes contrary to this idea is plagiarism and defamation.

JULES CLARETIE.



#### A. H. HUMMEL.

To the Editor THEATRE MAGAZINE.

If, as the great German philosopher, Schopenhauer, said: "It is quite certain that the works of great geniuses are the heritage of the world at large and should not be held in escrow for the benefit of a select few," there is on the other hand scarcely less to be said in favor of those who, either as the creators of such works, desire to personally, or for their heirs, reap all the emoluments that may, in a business way, accrue. We thus have here a moral antinomy, both branches of which seem equally true, and yet, contrary to all rules of logic, are contradictory to each other. Richard Wagner's masterpiece, "Parsifal," is a case in point. It is a work of genius if ever there was one; and as such, it is the common





# Scenes in the Comedy "The Secret of Polichinelle"



Byron, N. Y.

TREVOUX  
(W. J. Ferguson)

JOUVENEL  
(W. H. Thompson)

MME. JOUVENEL  
(H. O. Dellenbaugh)

Rapture over the grandchild's picture.

Act I. M. and Mme. Jouvenel have matrimonial aspirations for their son Henri, but he has already secretly married a little flower-maker and the young couple have a little boy. The old parents are overwhelmed at the discovery, but their affections immediately go out to their unknown grandson.



Act II. Mme. Jouvenel secretly goes to the attic home of her son to see her little grandchild; so does M. Jouvenel, neither knowing of the other's visit.



HENRI  
(Frank Patton)

LITTLE ROBERT  
(Master Chas. Barriscale)

MARIE  
(Florence Conton)

MME. SANTENAY  
(Grace Kimball)

Act III. The entire family is finally happily united, the adored grandchild naturally being the lion of the joyous occasion.



property of mankind, just as the Scriptures or Shakespeare's plays. For, although in his moments of inspired effort a genius may not be, and probably is not conscious of any intention of conferring a boon upon his race, yet there is no question but that the product of his exalted mind is designed in the wisdom of Providence to be a lever to raise the commonplace intellects of the rest of humanity to a higher plane. Therefore, I believe it is wrong for anybody, even the author himself, to step in and say, "Only those whom I elect shall be privileged to hear or read this work; to all others it shall remain as if it never existed."

But this is precisely what Frau Cosima Wagner, the great Meistersinger's widow, undertook to do with "Parsifal." She felt she was right in locking "Parsifal" in Bayreuth where in a hundred years it could not possibly have had the uplifting effect upon humanity that one night's performance in a metropolitan city like New York, with the widespread publicity incident thereto, was bound to achieve. Wherefore Mr. Heinrich Conried must be applauded for having, as it were, unlocked this great treasure to give it to the entire world.

And yet, with all this sentiment of gratitude, the question unavoidably obtrudes itself, "Was it just to deprive Frau Cosima Wagner of the emoluments which the exclusive right to produce "Parsifal" would have given her?"

Mr. Conried himself would probably be the last in the world to answer this affirmatively—if the widow had possessed any such exclusive right. There was no international copyright law to prevent him or anybody else from producing the opera here. It was on sale, so Wagner's proprietary right had been abandoned. Mr. Conried is reported to have, on purely sentimental or moral grounds, offered the widow an almost fabulous sum to gain her consent to the transplantation of "Parsifal" to New York. Be that as it may. She indignantly rejected the offer; so what Mr. Conried, after this refusal, did, was open to anyone else.

Only within comparatively recent years has there been any copyright

law at all. Before that the only barrier to piracy of works of the intellect was a moral one which could not be enforced in a court of law or equity. Acts of literary piracy were merely frowned down upon, pretty much the same as, in this age, a debt of honor is repudiated. But that was about all. And this seems still practically the state of affairs as regards the recognition of copyrights among the nations.

None the less, had Wagner not authorized the sale of the work, the score and the music, thus dedicating "Parsifal" to public use, he would have continued in possession of an inherent proprietary right, which would have descended to his heirs, and the product of his creative brain would have been, and properly so—a pecuniary heritage to his descendants. "Parsifal" then could no more have been sung here without the actual permission of the great Master or his heirs, than the taking any of his other personal belongings without actual consent would have been legal. For a long time, the memorizing of plays was approved in this country, but in the year 1881 the State of Massachusetts ended once and for all any such misappropriation. "As well might the courts approve the conduct of a burglar who stole a manuscript from an author's table, as to justify a proceeding which robs an author of the right of his brains," was the utterance of Supreme Court Justice Devens. And in another instance, Judge Morrell said: "It was as much an infringement of the authors common law right of property as if his manuscript had been feloniously taken from his possession."

Thus, if Wagner had taken the precautionary measure to protect himself in his proprietary rights in "Parsifal," by not selling the opera to music publishers, the law would have given him and his widow and heirs the same protection

which Sardou, Ibsen, Grundy and every foreign author of note now has of producing their plays at only such places and at such times as best pleased the whim or caprice of the playwright. Wagner's omission means a vital, throbbing, judicial and literary profit to the entire civilized world.

A. H. HUMMEL.



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

Clever comedian now appearing at the Broadway in "The Yankee Consul."



Miss Emma Carus singing the "Zanzibar" song in "The Medal and the Maid," aided by twelve pretty girls dressed to look like monkeys.





AMELIA BINGHAM

Scene in Pierre Decourcelle's play "Olympe." The piece was unfavorably received in New York and is now on tour.

## Letters to Actors I Have Never Seen



Miss Millicent Moone

MY DEAR MR. ROBERT EDESON:

You will not remember my name, of course, because we have never met. Still, I can't help thinking that, if we had, we'd be excellent friends. One of my aunts saw you in "The Little Minister," and I have a girl chum here at boarding school who once danced with your friend, Richard Harding Davis. I don't believe a word of what they say about celebrated people being a disappointment when you meet them personally, do you?

Dear Mr. Edeson, won't you please tell me which is your favorite character? I have read "Soldiers of Fortune," Mr. Davis' novel, also his "Ranson's Folly," and I don't mind telling you that the former is my preference. The hero, Bob Clay—isn't Robert a pretty name for a hero?—is so gentlemanly and romantic. And then, all those medals he has won! I don't blame Hope for admiring him. Is it true that Mr. Richard Harding Davis always draws his leading men characters the image of himself?

Do you like to play Lieutenant Ranson as well as you did Bob Clay? I shouldn't think you would. Ranson isn't serious enough to be a real hero, do you think? And besides, it seems unnatural that a New York man of his tastes and experience should really fall in love with an unrefined Western girl like that Mary Cahill, even if she does put on sweet and ingenuous airs—of course, I know it is only in the play.

By the way, I often wonder how it affects a sincere and gentlemanly actor, such as I can tell you are just from your photographs, to be constantly playing hero parts with those great actresses like Maude Adams and Amelia Bingham? I suppose they are just lovely. But then, after all, there is

nothing real in it all, is there? Do you not sometimes sigh to yourself when remembering that "Life is real, life is earnest," as Longfellow says? I do.

You may be interested to know that I am in the art class, and have made some very successful copies of colored pictures in the *Art Amateur*. I have heard that you spend all your time, when off the stage, in drawing and painting. How I should like to sit to you for my portrait! But, of course, that's out of the question, as my parents do not allow me to meet actors.

One reason why I write to you, knowing I may do so in perfect confidence, is that I want to ask your advice as to a stage career for girls? I have read what Clara Morris and others say on the subject, and feel encouraged to think I might succeed, if they did. I always was a natural actress, only the opportunity has never been given me to express my temperament. We girls are getting up an amateur performance of "As You Like It," and I am cast for Celia. It is only a small part. I should have preferred Rosalind. If I ever went on the stage professionally, though, I shouldn't want to play Rosalind, nor any part in Harry B. Smith's and Reginald De Koven's operas where it would be necessary for me to wear tights. My people wouldn't hear of it. In fact, I have never mentioned to them, as yet, my predilection for the dramatic career. But I should love to know what you think about it.

Hoping to see you soon at a matinée, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

MILLCENT MOONE,

—Academy for Young Ladies,  
—on the Hudson.



Robert Edeson

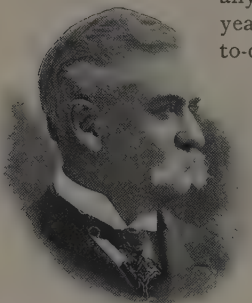




Decoration over the proscenium-arch of the Garrick Theatre, Philadelphia.

## The Theatres of Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIANS are grievously misunderstood by strangers. No better illustration of the fact is available than in the story of their theatres. "If a play succeeds in Philadelphia, it will be received with favor anywhere," remarked a noted actor many years ago, and the statement is true to-day, in a lesser degree. Actors and managers say that audiences in the Quaker City are cold and hard to please, and the success of their enterprises uncertain. They seldom realize that this critical spirit is the fruit of a century and a half of brilliant stage history, conservatism and culture, and that the clientèle of each playhouse is more or less distinct from those of the others. In the latter respect, the theatres of



J. FRED ZIMMERMAN, SR.  
Manager Chestnut Street Opera House

Philadelphia are unique among American places of amusement. Two famous theatrical families, the Jeffersons and Drews, are intimately connected with the story of the Philadelphia stage. For years they resided and played in the Quaker city, and there the living representatives served their apprenticeships behind the footlights. Their names merely suggest the list of noted players which the city claims as her own. Edwin Forrest grew to manhood, lived and died in Philadelphia. Adelina Patti, Ada Rehan, Francis Wilson and John Sleeper Clarke were among a host of others who contributed to the stage history of the city.

An old house still stands at the southwest corner of Sixth and Spruce Streets in which Joseph Jefferson, the fourth of his line, our Rip Van Winkle and "Dean of the American Stage," was born February 20, 1829. The Jeffersons—the child's father, mother, sister, and his half brother, Charles Burke, played at the old Chestnut Street Theatre, on Chestnut street above Sixth street. In those days "Fletcher, the Statue Man" posed as heathen gods, with whitened face and classic draperies. One day

Mrs. Jefferson found her baby, Joe, imitating Fletcher's poses. He had mastered the statue man's attitudes before he could pronounce the names of the subjects he represented. As with most children of actors in those days, Joseph Jefferson was probably "carried on" whenever a baby was required in a play. There is a record that he figured thus in a performance of "Pizarro" a year before his formal début, at the age of four, with Thomas T. Rice in Washington.

The old Chestnut Street Theatre has passed into history and its site is occupied by an office building. A mile to the Westward, fashion rules among the hotels, clubs and residences of Broad, Chestnut and Walnut streets, and here the modern theatres of Philadelphia are to be found. An observer among the spectators at once realizes the reasons for their coldness and critical spirit. The city



FRANK HOWE, JR.  
Manager Garrick Theatre

has no floating population worthy of mention, and the eighteen playhouses are supported by a million and a quarter of people who go week after week, become well posted in theatrical affairs and are consequently hard to please. A spirit of exclusiveness, inherited from Welsh and English ancestors and nurtured by Quaker influences, finds expression in the formation of restricted circles which extends to the playhouses, as well as social and business life.

Take the Broad Street Theatre, for example. Built by the Kiralfys for the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, it seemed to be unsuccessful from the start, except when Colonel John A. McCaul housed his opera company there. Then Nixon and Zimmerman conceived the idea of buying it and furnishing amusement for the fashionable set. To-day a "Broad Street Theatre audience" means a brilliant assemblage, liberally recruited from exclusive society and with a repetition of the same faces week after week. The same distinction extends to its list of attractions. John



Entrance to the Garrick Theatre, Philadelphia



Drew, Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe, E. H. Sothorn, E. S. Willard and Annie Russell have not acted elsewhere in Philadelphia for years.

The Chestnut Street Opera House, on Chestnut street, near Eleventh street, is another leading playhouse and in a broader sense. It is the second of the six Philadelphia theatres controlled by Nixon and Zimmerman, and the headquarters of J. Fred Zimmerman, the leading manager of the city in point of seniority. Built for a music hall, the ample stage of this playhouse accommodates those of the best attractions which demand scenic pictures on an extensive scale. Here it is that Henry Irving, Sarah Bernhardt, N. C. Goodwin and Forbes Robertson appear, and Easter Week is given over to the Mask and Wig Club, the theatrical organization of the University of Pennsylvania.

Another interesting example of distinctions in Philadelphia is furnished in Keith's New Chestnut Street Theatre, in the next block. B. F. Keith first gave Philadelphians the "continuous" in the Bijou Theatre on Eighth Street. While very popular, the playhouse did not draw many people from Chestnut street, the chief promenade of the city. So Mr. Keith invaded the fashionable shopping district by erecting his new million-dollar playhouse. Besides being one of the largest and safest theatres in the city, Keith's is a veritable palace after the style of the French Renaissance. Marbles and mural paintings, rich hangings, sculptures and pale lights are somewhat bewildering at first with their elaborate designs. A salon in white and crystal is traversed while passing into the auditorium. The music room and women's parlors are models of luxury. A series of mural decorations were done by William McL. Dodge, whose paintings in the Congressional Library in Washington attracted so much attention. Opened two years ago last November, Mr. Keith's new theatre has become one of the fashionable resorts in the city.

The Chestnut Street Theatre, another playhouse controlled by Nixon and Zimmerman, is close at hand. Although its history extends over a period of nearly half a century, it is still very popular. In the 60's, its stage was occupied by such players as Lucille Western, the Broughams, Couldock, W. E. Sheridan, Charles Santley, W. J. Ferguson, Frank W. Sanger and E. L. Davenport. For years it was the home of a resident stock company controlled by William G. Gemmel. Francis Wilson—a Philadelphia boy—there laid

aside \$100 a week, which he was earning in minstrelsy for \$15 a week as a "legitimate" actor. He made the change in 1878, appearing first as Cool in "London Assurance." At present, musical pieces and lighter forms of drama occupy the stage of the playhouse.

The Garrick Theatre is the next in order—a new place of amusement which is unique in its construction and policy, thanks to its manager, Frank Howe, Jr. While attempting to comply with the rigid building laws in Pennsylvania, a peculiar ground plan

was adopted which makes the Garrick Theatre the safest in Philadelphia. Entering from Chestnut street, the patrons pass through a vestibule in red marble and a Gothic chamber, thence down a corridor which leads around the walls of the stage to a portal behind one of the boxes. The main front of the building is on a street in the rear. The wide and somewhat shallow auditorium, decorated in green and gold, is surrounded on three sides by streets and an open court. The Garrick Theatre presents the best attractions, and in consequence its patrons are the best people of every class. Everything is fish which comes into Manager Howe's net—from Richard Mansfield in German comedy and Viola Allen with a Shakespearian revival to the frothiest of musical comedies and extravaganzas.

Mr. Howe's other playhouse, the Walnut Street Theatre, this year rounds out a century of existence as a place of



Keith's new Theatre, Philadelphia



Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia



Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia



amusement. A circus at first, the building was transformed into a theatre in 1820 and is still a place of popular resort. A performance of "Young Norval" was given there November 27, 1820, the leading rôle being filled by "A Young Man of the City," aged 14 years. So great was his success that during subsequent performances his name—Edwin Forrest—was printed on the programs. From that day until his last appearance before a Philadelphia audience in 1871, a year before his death, the Walnut Street Theatre was intimately associated with the name of the tragedian. His residence still stands on North Broad street. The country

mansion which he gave to the venerable members of his profession, is at Holmesburg, a suburb of Philadelphia, and forms the actor's most lasting monument.

Around a corner from the Walnut Street Theatre is Musical Fund Hall, with an auditorium which is a marvel in acoustics and has resounded in former years to the voices of Jenny Lind, Sontag, Alboni and Mme. Anna Bishop. Here Adelina Patti gave her first concert. The diva's half brother Ettore Barili, was for many years a music teacher and choir singer in Philadelphia and taught the little Adelina how to use her wonderful voice. The concert in Musical Fund Hall was given September 21, 1854. Adelina Patti, according to the bills, was an "extraordinary phenomenon" "not yet eight years old, yet styled 'La Petite Jenny Lind.'"



MRS. S. CAMERON BURNSIDE

Well-known Philadelphia, and now a member of David Belasco's forces

Several of the other playhouses must be passed with a brief mention. These are the fireproof Auditorium, the National Theatres, old and new, the beautiful Park and popular Peoples, controlled by Frederick G. Nixon-Nirdlinger, a young and rising manager, and Forepaugh's and the Standard Theatres, the playhouses maintaining stock organizations. Much of interest centers, however, in the old Arch Street Theatre, on Arch street near Sixth street—the "House of Drew." For thirty years Mrs. John Drew, the elder, was its proprietress. Here John Drew, her husband, appeared in "Handy Andy" and "The Irish Emigrant." The elder Drew was a Dublin man and had no superior in Irish rôles. Old theatregoers still talk of the tears which rose in their eyes when he sang "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary," during the performances of the latter play.

Twenty years later—on March 27, 1873, to be exact—John Drew, the younger, made his debut in his mother's theatre. It was a benefit performance for his sister, Georgie Drew (Barrymore), who had been an actress seven months. "Cool as a Cucumber" was the play. "John seemed so cool," remarked his mother afterwards, "that I was thoroughly

disgusted with him." Ten years ago, on January 25, 1894 Ethel Barrymore made her first appearance behind footlights in the same theatre. She played a small part during a revival of "The Rivals" by her grandmother. Miss Barrymore and her cousin, Louisa Drew, spent much of their childhood in Philadelphia. Their grandmother's house on North Twelfth street had a hospitable welcome for theatrical folks during many years. Both young women were educated in the Convent School of Notre Dame, Philadelphia. Other players equally well known served at the Arch Street Theatre. Ada Rehan became a member of its stock company shortly after her début in Newark, N. J., in 1873. A story is told that the actress' name "Crehan" became "Rehan" through the mistake of a man who printed the programs. In the old playbills of the Arch Street Theatre the name is usually "Rehan," but not infrequently "Crehan."

Philadelphia is essentially a manufacturing city, with widely scattered centers of activity, so that the theatres distant from the business section become factors in the situation. The largest of these is the Grand Opera House on North Broad street. Built by John F. Betz, a wealthy brewer, for musical productions, the theatre served as a home for the Gustav Heinrichs and the Castle Square opera companies and as a vaudeville, stock and "combination" house. It remained, however, for Gustavus A. Wegefarth, the present manager, to bring complete success to the enterprise.

Another noted outlying playhouse was the Girard Avenue Theatre, on Girard avenue, near Sixth street. For more than a decade it was one of the most noted "stock" theatres in the city. George Holland gave standard plays there ten years ago with a company which included from time to time Mrs. John Drew, Amelia Bingham, John Malone, Creston and Wilfred Clarke, Frederick Paulding, and the manager's brothers, E. M. and Joseph Holland. Margaret Dale, leading woman in John Drew's company, obtained her early stage experience under Mr. Holland's tutelage. The Girard Avenue Theatre lies in ruins, having been destroyed by fire a few months ago.



G. A. WEGEFARTH  
Manager, Grand Opera House



ASA STEELE.

Marceau NORMAN HACKETT AS PAOLO  
In Wagenhals and Kemper's production of "Francesca da Rimini."



## QUERIES ANSWERED

The Editor will be pleased to answer in this department reasonable questions asked by our readers. Irrelevant personal questions, such as those relating to actors or actresses as private individuals, their age, whether they are married or single, etc., etc., will be ignored.

MAYBIE.—We do not know.

C. E. W.—It is a matter of opinion entirely.

FRANCES.—We do not know.

RUSSELL GARDNER.—We cannot answer questions of this nature.

VVY ROBERTS.—He is not acting anywhere this season.

SUZANNE KELBY.—His wife is a non-professional.

McILVAIN.—(1) We know of no such book. (2) N. Y. Mirror, 121 West 42d St.

FLORODORA.—Messrs. Fisher & Ryley, 1438 Broadway, New York, can furnish the souvenir book.

ALBERT IGNATIUS.—The article you wish appeared in the February (1903) issue of THE THEATRE.

M. M.—We cannot give you the exact date, but it will be some time this winter.

CECIL H.—W. T. Price reads all plays submitted to him. The Empire Theatre, this city, is Charles Frohman's address.

E. O'C.—(1) If it is stated that all rights of dramatization are reserved, then you must get permission from the author. (2) We published a picture of Miss Dale in the April (1902) issue of THE THEATRE. We have never published a picture of the other actress you mention.

LUCIE HAMBLEU.—(1) The Cuban Midget has been quite ill for a long time. The last we heard of her she was in vaudeville. (2) Pronounced the name of the animal. (3) The novel has not been published as yet.

(Continued on page vii.)

## POINTS OF INTEREST

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### TO CONTRIBUTORS

ARTICLES.—The Publishers will be glad to receive for consideration special articles on dramatic or musical topics, short stories dealing with life on the stage, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions not found to be available.

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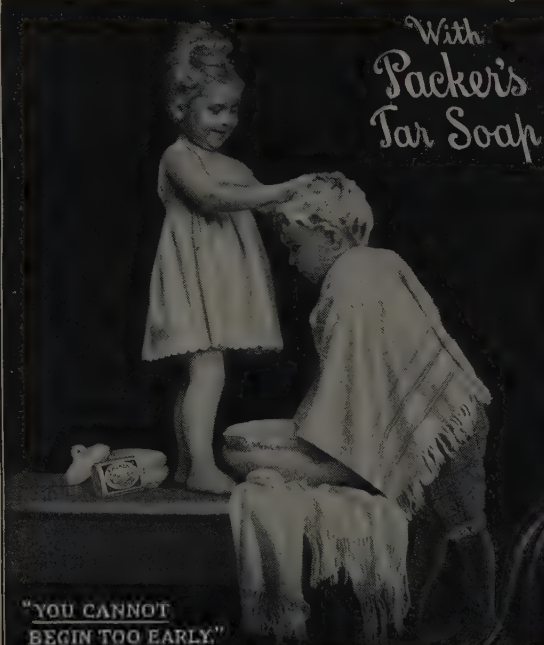


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# Vaudeville at Hammerstein's

*ET l'on revient toujours à ses premiers amours.* The truth of this well-known saying has recently been demonstrated by Oscar Hammerstein, whose early success with that famous resort, Koster & Bials, has not been forgotten by New York theatre-goers. In suddenly transforming the Victoria Theatre from a high-priced legitimate playhouse to a popular-priced home for refined vaudeville, Mr. Hammerstein has shown a thorough knowledge of the public wants, and also sagacity in taking advantage of an excellent opportunity. A cosmopolitan city like New York needs just such a place, where one can go and spend an idle hour without impairing the digestion by hurrying away from the dinner table, and where one can enjoy a quiet smoke without violating the proprieties. Indeed, it is a wonder that New Yorkers have been able to get along without such a resort.

While Mr. Hammerstein has not brought over as yet any of the high-priced vaudeville stars now the sensations of European music halls, he does offer a bill that has quality as well as quantity. The respective performers all please the public, and at least one number on the programme made a distinct hit. We refer to the Six Musical Cuttings, a phenomenal family, consisting of

three brothers and three sisters, for all of whom, music seems to have no secrets. They are in turn violinists, 'cellists, pianists, xylophonists, trombonists and singers, and their performance is really remarkable. The Nichols Sisters, female minstrels, are also clever, and, for those interested in performing dogs, Prof. Gillette is on hand with his well-trained canines. Sparrow, the mad juggler, is a sensational act, and there is also a séance by the mysterious Aga-



CLAUDE ALBRIGHT  
Contralto with the Castle Square Grand Opera Co.



MISS IRENE HEDDEN  
Ten-year-old Actress as Jimp, the Newsboy,  
in "The Woman in Black."

Proctor's houses continue to be very popular with lovers of the "continuous." At the Fifth Avenue has been presented recently "Moths," an adaptation of Ouida's novel which has not been seen on the local stage for so long as to be practically a novelty. Miss Lotta Linthicum, an actress of established reputation, played Vere, and Miss Rose Stuart was effective as Lady Dolly. Other attractions at this house included J. K. Hutchinson and Rolinda Bainbridge, who scored a hit in Edmund Day's very amusing sketch, "Raising the Wind;" Fisher and Carroll, in their eccentricities; Ruth Nelta, in coon songs; the Auers, with their rag pictures; Juggling Ricton, clever in his line; Morrello Brothers, hand-balancers; George J. Green, and Paley's kalatechnoscope.

At the 125th Street house, the "Magistrate" was performed, Gerald Griffen making a hit as Magistrate Bellamy. Miss Jessie Bonstelle as Agatha, and Miss Florence Reed as Charlotte, were charming in their respective rôles. In the Twenty-third Street house, John C. Rice and Sally Cohen presented a sketch called "Our Honeymoon," in which they both did excellent work; O'Brien and Havel amused in "Ticks and Clicks"; and T. Nelson Downs palmed coins. The bill also included Crawford and Manning, Reed and Shaw, Markey and Moran, Barnes' animal actors, Zara and Stetson, Haywood and Haywood, the Lynns, Till's marionettes, Eddie De Voe, and the kalatechnoscope.



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## Erratum.

In the last issue of this magazine, the caption under the picture of Miss Mary Marble stated that she was a member of the Dunne-Harlan Company. It should have read the Wells-Dunne-Harlan Company.

## Unclaimed Plays.

Authors who sent in plays to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE's recent play competition, and who have not yet claimed their manuscripts, are invited to do so without delay.

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## Anecdotes of Bjornson.

The recent celebration of the seventieth birthday of Bjornstjerne Bjornson has brought out a large crop of anecdotes about the Norwegian poet and patriot, whose personality is almost as picturesque as that of his great rival and friend, Ibsen. Most of these stories have a touch of malice in them, probably because Bjornson's imperious manners and all but brutal candor have made him many enemies.

It is asserted that once when Bjornson happened to pick up a volume of Shakespeare's plays in a friend's house, he weighed the bulky tome in his hand for a moment as if to judge of its avoirdupois. Then he is reported to have remarked solemnly:

"Yes, he was a good one"—pause, during which he dropped the book on the table—"but I am not dead yet."

A much pleasanter anecdote, which has also the merit of truth, is related about Bjornson by Kristoffer Jansen, the minister-poet, who spent a number of years in this country.

In the first article he ever published, Bjornson announced his firm belief that a new generation of poets would soon arise in Norway. It was one of his favorite ideas and he reverted to it time and again.

One who heard more of it, perhaps, than anybody else was Miss Karoline Reimers, who in 1858 became Mrs. Bjornson. Shortly after their wedding Bjornson promised his wife jestingly that he would keep her in pocket money by pay-

(Continued on page vi.)



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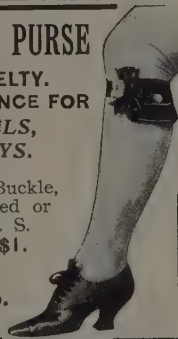
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"They will be coming, they will be coming," he cried triumphantly. "I'll have to work hard to keep my promise."

But they did not come. Months passed, and if Mrs. Björnson received any pocket money it was not owing to the merit of any native poet or novelist. Björnson himself was then best known through "Synnöve Solbakken," which he had published not long before.

Charmed by this beautiful piece of writing, Kristoffer Jansen, then a young student, made his way to the poet's home at Christiania, carrying in his pocket a roll of poems of his own in manuscript.

Björnson was lying on his back on a lounge playing with his first born, Björn, who is now director of the National Norwegian Theatre, but was then still in his swaddling clothes.

"Go on," he said, with a gracious nod to the visitor, as soon as he had heard the cause and the purpose of the visit.

Young Jansen began to read. Now and then he would look up to see what impression he was making on his listener. As far as he could make out, Björnson was wholly absorbed in the play with the child.

When at last the recitation ended and Jansen lapsed into despairing silence, too awed to venture a question even, Björnson leaped to his feet, dropped the child into the cradle and rushed out of the room. A moment later he returned, leading his wife by the hand.

"Karoline," he said to her, "I have heard something that I like at last, and here is your first dollar."

Jansen stared in unfeigned surprise. But the explanation that followed made him blush with pleasure.

"And now you must hear my latest," Björnson said, taking a manuscript from the drawer of his writing table.

It was "Arne." Jansen listened to the reading of it with bated breath. When the end came, Björnson demanded:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

Jansen gasped and stammered and blushed. He wanted to say something nice, and he could not find words that seemed good enough. Finally he burst out:

"I—I think Mrs. Björnson should have another dollar."—*New York Sun.*

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(Continued from page iii.)

KATE WHIPPLE, Dobbs Ferry.—"Twelfth Night" is now being acted at the Knickerbocker Theatre, this city.

S. C. PIERCE, Acushnet, Mass.—The wife of Charles Richman is a non-professional.

R. GRISWOLD.—When Mr. Donnelly opened his season Aug. 27th, 1898, Sandol Milliken was the ingenue, and she acted Bessie Fissenden in "The New South."

CARRIE M. PALMER, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—Some of Otis Skinner's Boston engagements have been played at the Tremont Theatre, and some at the Colonial and the Hollis Street Theatres.

CHARLES A. MERRILL, Worcester, Mass.—Annie W. Story married some time ago and retired to private life.

ADMIRER OF PETITA.—Maude Adams, unlike many stars, declines all newspaper interviews, and seldom sits for her photo.

N. A. B., Washington, D. C.—You must obtain the author's consent to play his piece. If it has been published, French & Son, 24 West 22d St., have it.

BLANCHE L. CHAPLINE.—We cannot tell what company Alma Kruger is with. She has not appeared in this city this season.

AN ADMIRER OF THE THEATRE.—Miss Maude Adams will play in this city later in the season. (2) Dustin Farnum acted in this city Lieut. Denton in "Arizona."

M. L. SANDS, Philadelphia.—Dramatizing a copyright book, costs from \$300 to \$500. It all depends upon the reputation of the author. (2) His consent must be had before it is dramatized.

W. P. BRODIE, Toronto, Canada.—There are a great many dramatic schools in London, England.

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MARION CARPETA, Wyncota, Pa.—The principal actors who presented "Jack's Sweetheart" and "All the Comforts of Home" are John Ferris, Walter Perkins, H. Valentine, Miss Gwyne Carham, Beryl Hope, and Lydia Knott. (3) We have not heard of Miss Constance Jones since she appeared in this city.

EVELYN, Baltimore, Md.—(1) An interview with Mary Manning appeared in the July, 1902, number. An article about Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott was published in August, 1903.

JULIA ASHTON.—They have never been published that we are aware of.

UNSIGNED LETTER.—Orrin Johnson is not engaged anywhere at present. The play does not go out again until after Lent.

CONSTANCE MCCALL.—A picture of Miss Adele Ritchie appeared in the February number, 1902.



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### Appertainin' to Uncle Tom

NEW YORK, Feb. 1, 1904.

the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

In your February number you publish an account of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and to several of the statements contained therein I must take exception. The Howards were not the first actors to play "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The first production in America of a dramatic version of Mrs. Stowe's novel was at the National Theatre, August 23, 1852. The first "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written by Prof. Hewett, of Baltimore, Md., and was produced in Baltimore at the Museum Theatre, January 5, 1852. It was not a dramatization of Mrs. Stowe's book.

George L. Aiken's version was first acted at the New York (N. Y.) Museum, September 27, 1852. There is a difference in the case of this production as given by your informant. Geo. L. Nox did not play Fletcher on that occasion, but acted Marks. Siple did not play George Harris, but Geo. Aiken, the author, did. The play had a run of one hundred nights. It was not then taken to New York, but to Albany. Mrs. W. G. Jones was not in the original cast for Eliza, but Mrs. C. German was. Mrs. Jones is not yet quite twenty years of age, as she was born April 15, 1828.

"Uncle Tom" was performed almost consecutively at the Chatham until April 19, 1854, and thereafter for three evenings a week, besides Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, until May 1854. Mrs. G. W. Jones played Eliza in New York when Hank Parmelee died nearly two years ago.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 4th, 1904.

the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

In reply to Col. T. Allston Brown's letter, I had in mind only the original version of the play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," taken from Mrs. Stowe's famous novel. The production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that was put on at the National Theatre, New York, the year before the Howards opened the same theatre, was not a version of Mrs. Stowe's novel. It was some farce doctored up and called "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I was in New York at the time, saw the play, and also went to see the Howards shortly after they opened at the National in 1853. At that time I was selling tickets out of a little band-box of a ticket office.

E. P. Christy's Minstrels, then located at their minstrel hall, 472 Broadway. The play "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that Prof. Hewett wrote, and which was played at the Baltimore Museum in 1852, had nothing to do with Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was written in the favor of slavery and showed it up in a bright light. Col. Brown is Mrs. W. G. Jones is not eighty years old. About ten years ago I met Mrs. Jones at the Opera House in Utica, N. Y., and asked her how she was. She said, "I am pretty well for a person eighty years old." Hank Parmelee died after I wrote the article.

DOCTOR JUDD.

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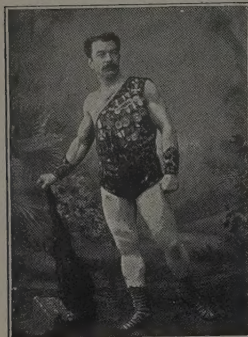
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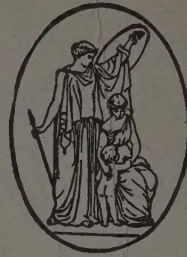




# The Equitable

## Life Assurance Society

### Of the United States.



HENRY B. HYDE, FOUNDER.

Forty-fourth Annual Statement, for the Year Ending December 31, 1903.

#### ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages . . . .	\$74,345,110.94
Real Estate in New York, including the Equitable Building . .	21,776,594.13
United States, State, City and Railroad Bonds and other in- vestments (market value over cost, \$15,055,296.00) . . . . .	195,454,966.00
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value, \$25,265,755.00)	20,333,500.00
Policy Loans . . . . .	18,834,127.74
Real Estate outside of New York, including 12 office buildings .	15,439,281.54
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest . . . . .	25,625,769.16
Balance due from agents . . .	1,521,245.95
Interest and Rents. (Due \$110,677.93 Accrued \$122,125.14)	232,803.07
Premiums due and in process of collection . . . . .	5,153,164.00
Deferred Premiums . . . . .	2,509,473.00

**Total Assets . . . . \$381,226,035.53**

#### INCOME.

Premium Receipts . . . . .	\$58,637,889.63
Interest, Rents, etc. . . . .	15,080,461.30

**Income . . . . . \$73,718,350.93**

#### DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims . . . . .	\$18,318,482.94
Endowments and deferred dividend policies . . . . .	7,682,083.44
Annuities . . . . .	883,278.00
Surrender Values . . . . .	2,383,532.34
Dividends to Policyholders .	5,682,295.55

**Paid Policyholders . \$34,949,672.27**

Commissions, advertising, postage and exchange . . . . .	7,734,569.13
All other disbursements . . .	6,808,769.75

**Disbursements . . . . \$49,493,011.15**

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

FRANCIS W. JACKSON, Auditor.

H. R. COURSEN, Assistant Auditor.

A. W. MAINE, Associate Auditor.

#### LIABILITIES.

Assurance Fund (or Reserve)	\$303 457,838.00
All other Liabilities . . . . .	4,414,059.50

**Total Liabilities . . \$307,871,897.50**

**Surplus . . . . . \$73,354,138.03**

#### ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

**Outstanding Assur-  
ance . . . . . \$1,409,918,742.00**

**New Assurance . . . \$322,047,968.00**

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement. The Reserve as per the independent valuation of the N. Y. Insurance Department, is \$301,632,153. For Superintendent's certificate see Detailed Statement.

J. G. VAN CISE, Actuary.

ROBT HENDERSON, Assistant Actuary.

R. G. HANN, Associate Actuary.

We have examined the accounts and Assets of the Society, and certify to the correctness of the foregoing statement.

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C. LEDYARD BLAIR,

GEO. H. SQUIRE,

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GEO. T. WILSON, Third Vice-Prest.

WM. H. MCINTYRE, Fourth Vice-Prest.

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N. B.—FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE DETAILED STATEMENT.